

AND IN THESE FINAL DAYS OF

DESPERATE DEBATE THE WILD WILL TAKE ITS VENGEANCE

CONFIDENTIAL



ON THOSE WHO SUGGEST TO ROLL IT.



THIS ZINE HAS TAKEN AGES. BUT HERE IT IS.. SPEWED UP ONTO  
THE BENCH IN MY ROOM, LEAVING PAPER CUTS IN MY GUTS..

I THINK CORMY SUGGESTED DOING A SPLIT-ZINE NEARLY

A YEAR AGO, AMIDST THE CHAOTICS OF THE G.G.I FEST IN WEXFORD  
THE IDEA REALLY EXCITED ME BECAUSE I FOUND THE FIRST ISSUE  
OF BITE THE HAND.. REALLY INSPIRING AND NO. 2 HAS CLUNG TO  
THE INNARDS OF MY MIND LIKE STICKY GLUE! CORMY HAS BEEN A  
GOOD FRIEND FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS NOW & SOMEONE I HAVE A LOT  
OF RESPECT FOR. I KNEW HIS MOVE TO KOPENHAVN WOULD PROBABLY  
MEAN A LOT LESS CONTACT BETWEEN US! SO IT WAS GOOD TO WORK ON  
SOMETHING TOGETHER EVEN IF WE WERE AT DIFFERENT ENDS OF EUROPE.  
WE WANTED THE ZINE TO BE A JOINT EFFORT, NOT JUST TWO SEPARATE  
PIECES JUXTAPOSED WITH ONE ANOTHER SO WE LAID OUT ONE OR TWO  
OF EACH OTHERS WRITINGS, DID PICTURES AND WROTE ON SOME SIMILAR THEMES..

IT'S BEEN A HECTIC YEAR IN DUBLIN SINCE LAST SPRING; SQUATS,  
SQUAT EVICTIONS, TOTAL MADNESS AROUND MAY DAY, CONFRONTATIONS  
WITH SOME OF THE 30,000 POLICE ON THE STREETS THAT WEEK, &  
NEEDLESS TO SAY OUR SPITE TOWARDS THOSE IN POWER GROWS EVER STRONGER..

A HAZY WHIRLING SUMMER OF DRUNKEN NIGHTS, WIERD ADVENTURES,  
VISITS FROM FAR FLUNG FRIENDS, ~~REXX~~ PUNK FESTIVALS,  
LOTS OF TRAVELLING WITH OUR BAND IN CLANKY VANS, AND TRIPS  
TO VISIT SOME OF THE IRISH EXPORT PUNK AROUND EUROPE..

THE LAST FEW MONTHS THREATENED TO DRAG ME UNDER, LOTS OF  
SPITTING, SHOUTING AND WISHING.. WISHING NOVEMBER, DECEMBER,  
JANUARY & FEBRUARY WOULD JUST DIE!

BUT THANK TO MY AMAZING PARTNER IN CRIME, &  
GOOD FRIENDS WE DRAGGED OURSELVES THROUGH THE SEASONAL  
DESPAIR WITHOUT TEARING OUR OWN HEADS OFF..

ANYWAY THE WINTER IS GURGLING ITS DEATH RATTLE, PEOPLE ARE  
CLAMBERING BACK UP ONTO THE STREETS AND I FEEL LIKE I CAN  
YELL AGAIN WITHOUT GETTING A MOUTHFUL OF PETROL FLAVOURED RAIN.

SO HERES SOME SCRIBBLINGS FROM A

DUBLIN SCUM PUNK

&  
A COPENHAGEN CONTAINER CRUSTY..

YARI eric.

INDUSTRIAL LANDSCAPE, PUTRID STENCH PERVADES  
GROANING CHIMNEYS, TOWERING ABOVE TARFIELDS

IMMENSE

ROARING FILTH INTO THE AIR

HUMAN ASHES INTO THE BURNT OUT SKY

TEARS TURN TO RUST, SCREAMING BECOMES CHOKING  
CHOKING TURNS TO SILENCE, NOONE HEARS ANYTHING

THE SEEDS HAVE OPENED, GAVE BIRTH TO A RACE OF FLIES

THAT PREY ON THE ROTTING WEAK WHO LIE BEFORE THEM

WE SLATHER AND WRITHE  
IN THIS FILTH, THIS CIVILIZATION

AT OUR MUZZLES WE GNAW,  
AT OUR BONDS WE TEAR  
SO NEAR WE CAN TOUCH  
THE SORROW & DECAY  
THE FURY OF A THOUSAND RATS  
AS THEIR HOME IS TURNED TO RUBBLE  
BY MAN AND HIS MACHINES..





# BETWEEN THE CRACKS OF A CHOKING CITY..

"ONE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A GATED COMMUNITY & A GHETTO IS, ONE REPRESENTS THE ABILITY OF THE MORE POWERFUL TO INSULATE THEMSELVES FROM THE NECESSITY OF SHARING WITH OR HAVING EXPOSURE TO, THOSE POORER, THE OTHER REPRESENTS THE DESIRE OF THOSE POORER TO INSULATE THEMSELVES FROM LOSSES TO THE MORE POWERFUL. ONE WALL PROTECTS PRIVILEGE, THE OTHER DEFENDS SURVIVAL." - Marcuse.

"NONONONO IT'S TOO SHITTY  
I DONT WANT TO LIVE IN THE BIG BIG CITY" - Subhumans

I wrote a few pretty big pieces in zines before on the effects our surroundings can have on us, particularly in the Urban setting. The fear, isolation, violence and misery cities can invoke. This is just a collection of stories and thoughts related to cities, the things which tear us apart in our daily lives and the people that can stitch us back together..

I got to Bradford, England at 5a.m. After a boat from Ireland and a 12 hour bus journey I was shattered. With my friends uncontactable and not knowing where they were I resigned to sleeping in the bus station. It was February and it was snowing outside. I tried sleeping on the steel benches but metal arm-rests had been strategically welded to prevent anyone from actually lying down.

All the doors for each bus gate were wide open and an icy wind was coursing through the entire building. Paranoid from lack of sleep and being in a city I didn't know, I got a few hours sleep until daylight. My mind raced, confusion and frustration. I began to think about how so many things in the city are designed to keep people out, to confine us, to separate us, to classify us, to coerce us. Barriers, walls, fences, alarms. Razor wire, iron railings, CCTV, locks, codes, signs, etc.. etc..

The doors of the bus station were purposely left open at minus temperatures so that people would not sleep there even when the place was deserted. The armrests were on the benches so people could not lie down.

This kind of callous architecture really illustrates the thinking behind a lot of city planning. I thought back to my own city and the encroachment of privatisation and big business onto so much of our public spaces, the gentrification of so many inner city areas and the transformation of our surroundings as a result.

Like most cities, Dublin can be a cold and unforgiving place. Sprawling in all directions from a grey and built up coastal bay, it tends to grow outwards rather than upwards into blank and neglected crawling suburbs, which drift into one another endlessly.

The city centre is a collision of medieval, georgian and modern buildings, choking amounts of traffic and swathes of people. 200 year old churches sit side by side with 1970's corporation flats and housing schemes. The gigantic financial centre is a monstrous mound of glass, grinning business men and plastic, thrown onto the edge of one of the cities poorest and most

The street systems service cars not pedestrians or cyclists, articulated lorries hurtling through the town centre on one way roads, surrounded by billboards and concrete.

Only 2 of Dublin cities parks are NOT privately owned. Stephens Green, probably the most central and popular parks in the city, closes its gates at dusk every day to prevent 'undesirables' hanging around drinking, taking smack, mugging people etc. Dusk can be as early as 4 p.m. in winter. This is the same for most parks in the city, meaning that, once late afternoon comes, so called public space is abruptly altered, confining people to the grey concrete streets. I understand that safety is a concern but I doubt it is the primary concern. We are well able to make a decision to go into a park or not.

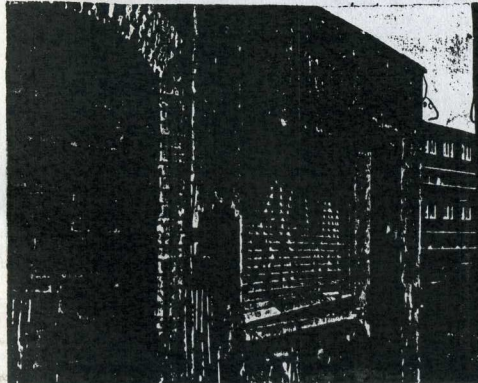
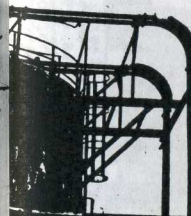
By fencing off public space people are not given the choice to determine their own boundaries of safety. People are a lot easier to control out on the neon lit streets than in a park after nightfall.

In societal history, most parks were at the disposal of only the Upper Classes. It was only in the 19th Century that they became at the disposal of the general public. However, since then there has been an implicit policy of 'inclusion and exclusion' attributed to parks. We can see this employed again, in Stephens Green, where Food Not Bombs were made leave by wardens and subsequently the police. People have even been escorted out of the park by cops on horseback for juggling, Drinking cans etc..

People have tried to combat this sterile coercion of public space.

One example is the "Folks Park" in Blagbards Plaz, Copenhagen. Here the residents of the area, in the 1970's, reclaimed a large patch of wasteland in the area and turned it into a park & playground for the local community. This served its purpose for many years but riots erupted when police turned up to aid the demolition of the park for a building development. Now only a small, defiant section remains, sitting in the middle of one of the most built up areas of the city, a testament to community based direct action and the reclamation of wasted urban space. Similar actions have taken place in Germany, Spain and many other countries.

An example of another park which caused such controversy is Tomkins Square park in New York's Lower East side. Between 1988 and '91 the transformation of the area became a national symbol of the struggle against gentrification and homelessness. I feel now, more than ever, that the need for squats, community gardens & other 'liberated' spaces in Dublin. Spaces where we can control our own activities and wrench ourselves away from the framework of surveillance and control that Dublin City has become. There are a huge amount of derelict buildings & vacant plots of wasteland all over this city, just waiting to be snatched from the greedy landowners who leave them to rot, and have new life breathed into them. Shopping centres have become city centres in themselves in Dublin. Enclosed metropolises of plastic & glass. Serving only to focus every activity towards consumption. Traditionally the city centre was a place that while, a commercial centre, also was home to a degree of dissent and individual pursuits.





These cities asphaltize. They crawl through everything. Separated, it seems, only by motorways and pylon fields.

They are choking us all slowly. Why are we so spite-filled?

Why do individuals feel such resentment to those they have never met?

Crammed into this heaving mass of identical houses, petrol stations,

Shopping Centres serve to eradicate this. To eliminate the advantages public space affords those deemed inferior by the State. Places for the homeless to sleep, space to protest, perform, to busk for money, a space for political leafletting, posterage, graffiti, a space for people just to meet and converse.

All this is eradicated in the shopping centre, "malls figure as cities that have been cleansed of all traces of conflict or subversion. For that reason other cities have taken them to represent precisely the antithesis of metropolitan downtowns." (Rybezynski)

Once inside the Shopping Centre, like the modern park, people are surveilled and monitored. All activity that does not centre around the consumer orgy is quickly targetted by security &/or the police. These are the new public spaces, privately owned and focussed on nothing but the making of money. Many shopping centres are now being built around

a central police/security sub-station, using the same design as the Panopticon prison designed by Jeremy Bentham, this "signals a trend toward militarizing public space that is intimately linked to the privatization process" (Beckhout/Jacobs).

Chimney stacks, smog, that fucking neon light..

I feel totally isolated as everything rushes past me at frantic speed.

And now that all this horror has been unveiled, I can't escape it.

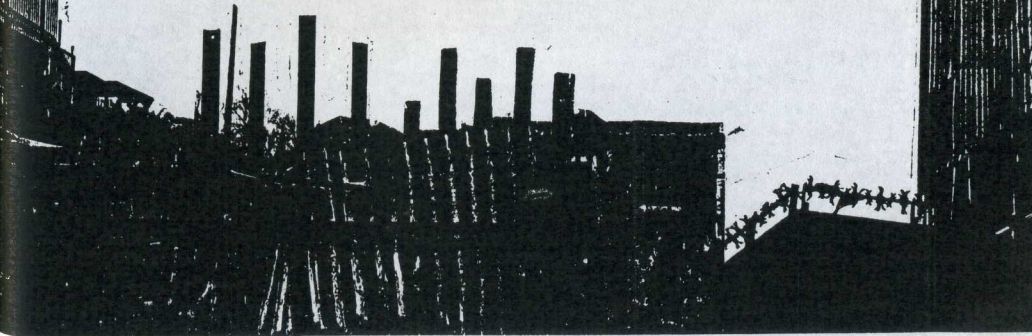
Saying the same words over and over again like some shit broken toy

After getting back from a short trip to the country with some good friends I realised what an effect the city had been having on me, ripping my head apart. It was an amazing place we were staying. All the hatred and cynicism of the city flooded out of me in a matter of minutes. Getting the train there, only a short journey of about two hours, had been such a change from my daily battling through Dublin traffic on my bike. Just hopping on watching the sea cliffs go by, dodging the conductor and jumping off just before he got me. Seeing my friends at the house was incredible. The last time I had seen them, they were worn out, tired and depressed from a 3 week eviction of our squat. Now they were sitting outside chopping wood, playing football and baking fuckn pizza!

It was like another world  
grass and forest stretching out around us,  
instead of cement and shouting  
mouthes. That night, after a few races  
down a steep and rocky hill on  
tricycles with torches taped to our  
heads, and some vegan pizza, I slept  
better than I had in months, dreaming of  
countryside squats instead of police.  
Breaking down our barricades  
in the middle of the night and evicting our house.  
After a weekend of walking around the huge  
wooded valley near the house, swimming  
in the icy lake, sliding through all  
the wet leaves and slithering around  
in the late spring muck, I felt like  
a different person. It was strange,  
but liberating to see friends from the  
city enjoying something so simple and  
I suppose, pure.. and a good few  
miles of hanging out of a landrover at high speeds cheered us up no end.

I had arrived in tatters, cut up and battered by the city, and in two days I was ready to face all its bitterness again. In the perpetual grey of the city, everything seems complicated tense & draining. Every inch of me crawls with seething anger sometimes. Unavoidable negativity. Everything seems futile. Locked within these walls we have built, sometimes all it takes is the motivation to crawl away. To escape the confines of the 'everyday' drudgery of urban life. To find a place you can scream so loud those black walls around you shatter, and you can look at the world from a different perspective, an angle that seemed impossible before.

Whenever I come across Wastelands in the city my mind splits in half. One side of me sees decay, filth, the remains of an industrial corpse. It invokes nightmare images of roaring chimneys, bellowing black smoke, people scrambling through the debris, horrors unimaginable, urban ghosts, and demented souls. Then my mind drifts to scavenging, exploring. Something I think I inherited from my Da is not being able to pass a skip without rummaging in it to find something useful. There is so much waste all around us. From the food we skip, to the wood and other materials we find, to abandoned buildings.. its all there for the taking.





Recently three of us got into an abandoned mental hospital. The building and surrounding grounds are totally hidden from the road by a ten foot wall all around. After clambering over this wall, we descended into a gigantic wasteland. Overgrown and strawn with debris, dying trees and piles of rubble. Rusting scaffolding and iron supports jutted from cracked concrete like weathered bones of skeletal animals. The building, a huge stone structure, gaping holes and cracks in the masonry, was made totally inaccessible with iron shutters, except for one opening which looked to have been made with heavy tools.

We crept towards it, an enormous blackness yawning from the opening.

Creeping around inside, taking in the shattered beams bathed in moonlight, the huge awnings in the stone corridors, we heard a guttural screeching, a threat rasping, trying to rear. But that's another story, one which will be explored in a new Irish Horror-Punk zine, so I can't say any more.

I felt similar when exploring an abandoned office block surrounded by acres of its own overgrown land.

We were hoping that it could be used as an accommodation centre to be squatted for mayday. Travellers had already used the site to park their caravans but had been evicted with massive boulders used to block the entrance to the road.

It turned out months of kids drinking, drugging and generally smashing the place up beyond recognition, left it pretty useless, although it still had running water. Still it was fun to explore the wasteland, the burnt out cars left by joyriders, the shell of a building that used to be the headquarters of a disgusting, gigantic corporation (Esso/Exxon). I couldn't help but picture hundreds of tents pitched round the patchy grass, vans and trucks parked blaring noise, food being served from the freshly swept wreck of a canteen. Even suburban dumping grounds can inspire dreams.

Experiences like this remind me there is adventure to be had in the city. Anywhere, where there is such a huge amount of people piled together, clambering about, hacking away at each day, trying to forge their own lives out of this heaving, urban disaster.

Sometimes this seemingly malignant and stagnating city creeps behind my eyes and infects me. It invokes such feelings of dread that I find myself seeping into the dead landscape around me. All I want to do is spit, fight and fucking destroy. The way I felt when I was 15.

Then I remember the people around me who make it bearable. who make it interesting. People who continue to inspire me. Like a collective, a squat, or a punk house, it is the people who create what a place is more than anything. not just the surroundings.

In the city we cannot escape the reality that the State will try to force us to comply, to conform, to accept the brutal injustices it perpetrates in order to sustain itself. They try to bury us in towns & cities so we rot away with everything else and fade to grey. We will always be vermin in their eyes, living off their excess, the scum between the cracks. Trying to batter an existence, separate from that sickening

YOU WANT US ALL TO DIE, TO ROT AWAY

TO FADE INTO THE DIRTY AIR

BUT I SAY WE'RE DEAD ALREADY IF WE ACCEPT YOUR WORDS

STILL-BORN INTO THIS DERVISH OF TEARS,

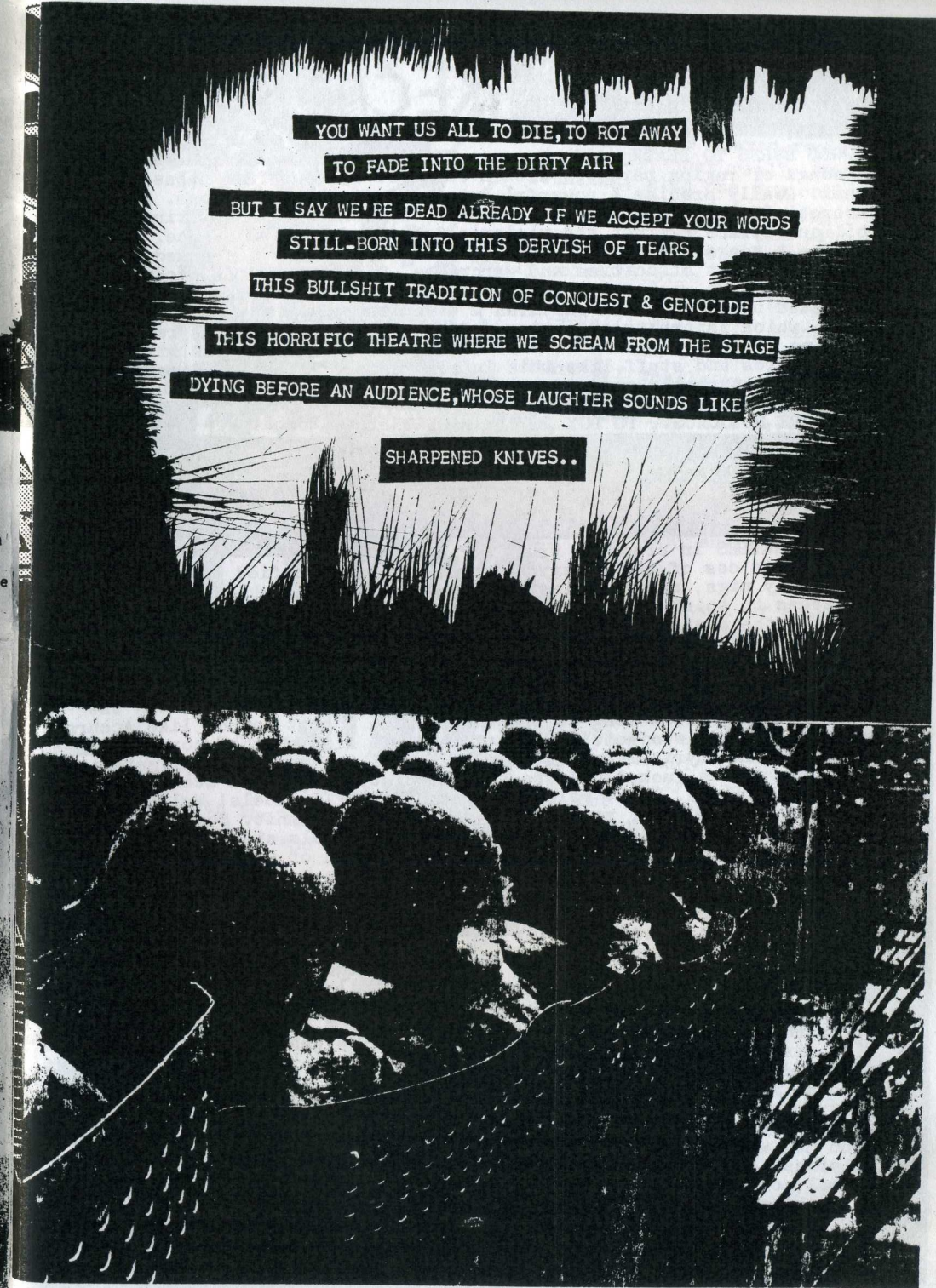
THIS BULLSHIT TRADITION OF CONQUEST & GENOCIDE

THIS HORRIFIC THEATRE WHERE WE SCREAM FROM THE STAGE

DYING BEFORE AN AUDIENCE, WHOSE LAUGHTER SOUNDS LIKE

SHARPENED KNIVES..

ALL PHOTOS TAKEN IN & AROUND N. DUBLIN.





# RECORDS

## WORLD BURNS TO DEATH no dawn comes 7"

4 songs of raging hardcore with a Japanese falvour from these Texas punx. Really precise & powerful but still dirty and vicious. Fuckin scorchin guitars and snarling pissed off ~~xxxxx~~ vocals spitting out bilious lyrics against the violence & hate of the human race. Each of the 4 songs are either explicitly or cryptically concerned with nazi holocaust atrocities and warcrimes. One half of the packaging is ~~xx~~ taken up with a short essay about a particular atrocity perpetrated upon 20 Jewish children & 4 adults by the SS in Hamburg, 1945, which is pretty affecting and sobering. A friend was recently telling me how it pisses him off when there's explanations with punk song lyrics and stuff like this in records but I have to disagree, I think it's a really good idea including stuff like this. Yeah, this is a really good record.

HARDCORE HOLOCAUST, PO BOX 26742, RICHMOND, VA 23261, USA.

## UNCLE CHARLES in crust we trust 10".

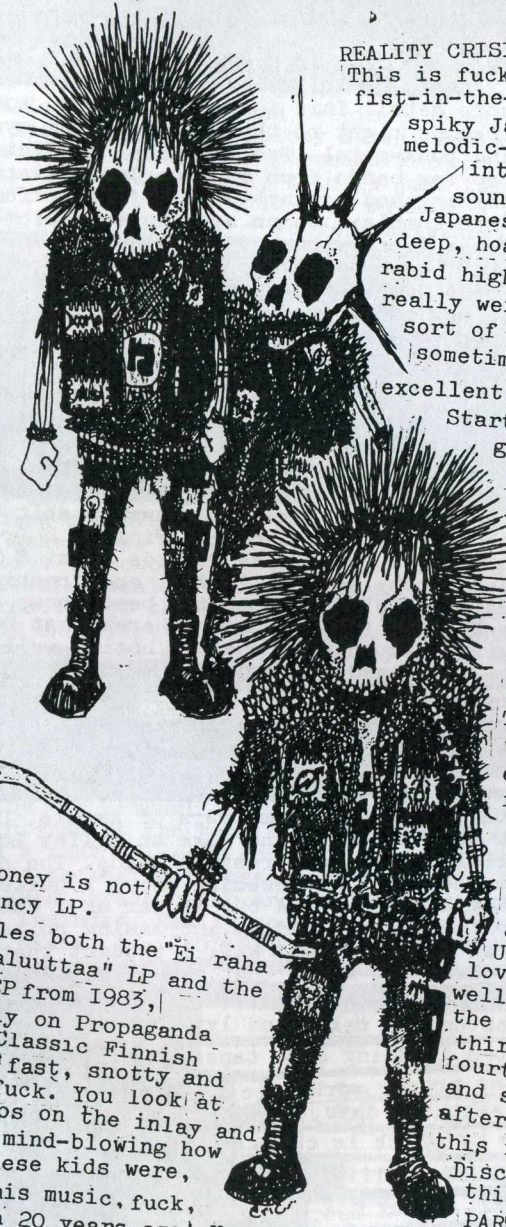
I got this cos of the hilarious cover art, a crucified crusty surrounded by pigs, nazis, priests, media figures etc, which everyone but me seems to think is totally dumb, but which I think is deadly! So anyway, the music is actually way better than I was expecting. Really fast rabid thrashing crust, 3 different vocalists, 1 really harsh guttural dude, a really pissed-off sounding girl and another hyper-sounding guy aswell. Most of the songs are Disrupt/Wolfpack styled crustcore and then a few others that are more mid-paced d-beat rockin' and one amazing really slow song at the end of side 1 that sounds like Accursed before ripping into some blastbeat mayhem! Also a Mob47 cover. 14 songs, ~~xxxxx~~ lyrical topics such as laws & the political climate in Sweden, various fucked-up aspects of society & the punk scene, war, nazis, nostalgia. Split relase between fuckin 10 labels! Well worth checking out if you're into your raw crust shit. Some really excellent ~~xxxxx~~ breaks in the songs and the vocals are really well arranged, not too much going on as I was afraid of with them having 3 singers. Elements of something like Decrepit in here too.

~~XXXXXXXX~~ PO BOX 55, 83221 Frösön, SWEDEN.

## STATE OF FEAR discography LP

Excellent, been looking forward to this for a while. This compiles the Wallow in Squalor & State of Fear 7"s (96/95) and the "The tables Will Turn" LP (97), 26 tracks in all. Totally pissed off, fist-in-the-air U.S. crust brutality. This is similar to Disrupt & Destroy ~~x~~ with the early/mid '90's crustcore sound, a heavy Doom influence ~~w~~ mixed up with a healthy dose of Discharge beats & swagger, and stewed in ENT & Napalm Death minus the blastbeats (except very occasionally). This is probably my favourite style of crust, straight ahead and vicious, goes right fork throat, a lot more brutal and ugly than most of the Tragedy/From AM Ashes Rise type stuff going on now with plenty of teeth-grinding head-smashing guitar leads, yeah! Lyrics concerned with environmental destruction, human idiocy in general, cops, rich fucks, you get the picture. Best stuff for me is the tracks off the s/t 7" and the LP. If you're at all into ugly, pissed-off hardcorepunk you should hear this at least a few times.

PROFANE EXISTENCE, PO BOX 8722, MINNEAPOLIS, MN 55408, USA.



## REALITY CRISIS who is your messiah? 7"

This is fuckin ~~ma~~Atal, totally fist-in-the-air 80's UK punk played by spiky Japanese punx. Mostly mid-paced melodic-type riffs played really intensely, just really PUNK sounding, with one typically Japanese sounding gruff singer doing deep, hoarse vocals one one with a rabid high-pitched voice, and then some really weird bizarre singing and sort of cackling in the background sometimes!?? The title track is excellent but the others aren't so great. Start off really good but gradually lose their energy or something. The lyrics are nuts all anti-religion (I think) but I can't quite make sense of the translations. Anyway, good punk but not essential. CRUST WAR, address elsewhere.

## WARCRY harvest of death 7"

This is just fuckin ~~M~~ Discharge with Todd from His Hero Is Gone etc doing vocals. Everything, from their lyrics, to the break solos, structures, artwork, even the "BLAH-blah blah BLAH-blah!" type vocals is totally Discharge, except just with those really guttural

UUUHRGH!! vocals that I fuckin love. The lyrics, let's see... well, the first song is about war, the second song's about war, third song, yep, war, but for the fourth song they decide to mix it and sing about nuclear winter... Fuckin hell, hahah... this is just ridiculous in it's Discharge-ness, but fuck it, I lo this shit, it's great

PARTNERS IN CRIME, PO BOX 11787, PORTLAND, OREGON 97211, USA.

## APPENDIX money is not my currency LP.

This compiles both the "Ei raha oo mun Valuuttaa" LP and the "Huora" EP from 1983, originally on Propaganda Records. Classic Finnish hardcore, fast, snotty and punk as fuck. You look at the photos on the inlay and it's just mind-blowing how young these kids were, making this music, fuck, more than 20 years ago! Yes! Totally anthemic fist-in-the-air shit, this makes me want to get drunk, pogo and spit on people. Songs like Kateus, Raiskaus. Painajainen, Panikkia, aargh so many great songs on this. If you like punk get this or you're not a punk.

HOHNIE, KUHTRANKE 7, 31535 NEUSTADT, GERMANY.



FINAL grow strong / empty 7"

Holy fuck! Kamikaze gravecore metal! This is unbelievable, totally slays me from the opening chords right to the last rattling cymbals, totally over-the-top blazing punk-metal. The technical proficiency is amazing, in a way that so few bands from outside Japan ever manage to achieve. The recording and production are just perfect too. The songs (2) are layered and complex, to me seem to take elements of Anti-Cimex & Amebix and mix it up with the influence of various Japanese punk bands and a totally manic edge. There's some really great foreboding, dynamic breaks & instrumental parts, the guitar is really fucking amazing, both the drums and bass are full of constant little hooks and the vocals are shouty and desperate-sounding, sort of peace-punk style mixed with Discharge. Lyrics about personal strenght against society & religion. Fuckin ameyzin!! CRUST WARXXX, 1+28-3A. SHIKITSU+NISHI 2, NANIWA-KU. OSAKA CITY 556-0015, JAPAN.

VIHA alatsä mulle? demo

Vihaepidemia! Fast snotty punk-as-fuck ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ shit here with 3 songs courtesy of a bunch of punx from Denmark, Finland & Ireland. Takes it's influences totally from Propaganda Records Suomi & X '83 styled hardcore. Tuneful and catchy but really fast and frantic too with ♀ female vocals and BAD ATTITUDES. One of the best shows I've seen in Denmark was VIHA + DISEASE (from Majorca) here last October, really anthemic and good wild shit this is, here's hoping we'll see more recorded and live from this band!

KICK'N' PUNCH, PO BOX 604, 2200 KØBENHAVN N, DENMARK.

MARERIDT ...här börjar helvetet demo

9 tracks of fast brutal d-takt råpunk from members of Asebia, Uro and others. Really guttural raw vocals that sound like an uglier Bombanfall and some really memorable riffs and great breaks & leads. The songs are all pretty short and to the point, my Swedish doesn't quite compare with the skills of Magnus Magnusson or ABBA but as far as I can make out the lyrics are about police control and an increasing culture of surveillance, the shitness of work/life and WAR. I thought that the recording was a little too clean but maybe that's how the band want it to sound.

Really nice job on the inlay and lyric sheet -not enough bands interested in doing demo tapes and putting the proper work into their releases these days, the opposite of which is this.

KRIGET HAR INGET SLUT!!

PLAGUE BEARERY, PO BOX 604,  
2200 KØBENHAVN N, DENMARK



CRUSTY PUNK FEST  
DUBLIN 2005 APRIL 8-10<sup>th</sup> BANDS  
ACTION'S  
ATTENTION



HJERTESTOP demo \*\* '04

Yeah! Fuckin crucial spazzed-out punk-rock angreb from 4 snotty wee bastards. Fast, noisy and original sounding, there's 6 songs on this with lyrics on stupid shitty lives, weekend-punks, confusion and the pressures of society in general. Frantic over-the-top vocals and some really cool guitar bits, this is just totally punk sounding. I think there's gonna be a 7" out soon on KICK'N' PUNCH -good shit. KICK'N' PUNCH RECORDS, ♀ address elsewhere.

EASPA MEASA renounce & dethrone demo.

Fuckin great, members of Cheapskate, Scientific Bong, Bastard Youth and others playing heavy, epic crust with lots of brooding, building melodic parts. Kind of like parts of ~~XXXXXXXX~~ Jobbykrust, From Ashes Rise & Catharsis mixed up with the technical elements of Slint or Botch, in a much less ~~XXXX~~ "angular" way. Dual male and female vocals, totally raging, unlike in the previous incarnation of the band Clodagh now mixes harsh screaming with really snarling, snotty singing, contrasted perfectly with Eric's raw-guttural roar. Most of the songs are around 5 minutes or longer, constantly changing and evolving with some totally epic and really memorable instrumental parts. 6 songs with really good lyrics on bullshit tradition, state rule, police authority and injustice, consumerism, war, Ireland's sick policies on abortion and the right to choose, Catholic dogma and struggles with depression and hopelessness. I feel this is somewhat let down by the production/recording, it's nowhere near as powerful and intense as the band are live with a really awful snare drum sound ♀ that's like 2 coconuts being knocked together!? Oh, and the packaging is beautiful, it's the best looking CDR I've ever seen, great cover and lyric sheet with extra stickers and so on included. Really powerful, original crustcore, yes!! EASPA MEASA, c/o CLODAGH, 57 WOODVIEW, LUCAN, CO. DUBLIN, EIRE

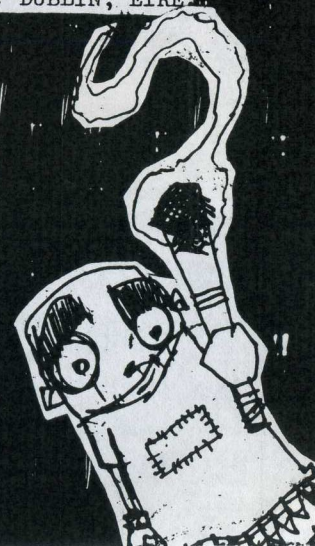


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Ireland

redinkbooks@graffiti.net





At this point I want to ask a certain amount of leniency from the reader in relation to all this. I've never written about anything so difficult and so fraught with possibilities for saying the wrong thing. It'd be far easier to not write about this but that's not an option really, so if you have a problem with any of my ideas or opinions on this, talk or write to me rather than just judge & condemn me, please... Since a recent sexual assault incident in the Dublin punk/squatter scene, the theme of gender issues and the way men relate to women has been a constant thread in my mind. There's a lot of inter-related issues within this broader theme that I feel need to be addressed, so I'm going to start with this recent incident...

The first problem is that the guy accused of sexually assaulting the girl denies that it happened, so I guess it's more exact to ~~xxx~~ call it an alleged incident. But even this in & of itself is uncomfortable to me and leads to further problems. This kind of legalistic, "court-room" type language seems to immediately cast doubt on the legitimacy and seriousness of the incident...

I feel trapped. On one side, I think it's completely and wholly necessary to give the victim the benefit of the doubt in cases like this, because so often victims of rape and sexual assault are not taken seriously and not believed. Nobody needs to be convinced of the truth of how in society at large the majority of women feel doubt & shame in addressing situations in which they feel or have felt threatened by sexual violence be it in lesser or greater forms (I don't mean to demean any of such incidents, but some are worse than others).

On the other side, this guy who's supposed to have done this is a guy I've known for about 4 years and have worked closely with him in a number of tense, risky situations and become friends, through things like the G8 Protests in Genoa, Reclaim The Streets stuff in Dublin and things in the Maggie House (squat). This is a guy who's been very much involved in anarchism & activism in Dublin for a long time, and seemed to be a dedicated & well-grounded anarchist.

As such, it immediately freaks me out that he (presumably) did this and is now able to lie about it, deny it and not take responsibility for his actions, something I never would have expected. At the back of my mind, if I'm uncomfortably honest about this, is a feeling of "what if it happened that I was accused of doing something like this and really hadn't done it, how would I feel?" I wish I didn't have such a feeling, but I do, so I can't deny it. As it happens, when it gets to the point of "choosing sides", I believe and support the girl who he seemingly assaulted. I say seemingly because the 2 accounts don't add up, with her account seeming more credible and likely.

A number of people had had problems with this guy living in the squat, before this incident. At the time of the incident, I felt pretty angry that a number of people used it as a way of venting their own personal dislike of the guy through it.



I think he didn't know any of the punx in the squat before it was squatted, and since pretty much everyone else there were punx or into the punk scene, I think he was pretty intimidated. A lot of people felt him to be quite authoritarian and were very much intimidated by him, and I thought since I was already familiar with his mannerisms I was able to take these things more easily. I could see how he could be intimidating and unfriendly to people. Maybe this explains the behaviour people found objectionable, or maybe it was an indication of something darker in his character.

The problem is further exacerbated by the fact that the vast majority of Dublin's non-punk anarchist/activist community believe him and not her, I suppose possibly because they didn't know her, she's a punk, and friends with the punx and not them, and they're friends with the guy. Again, a number of these people are trusted friends of mine since a number of years, which of course makes for very painful and fucked-up circumstances and inter-relations all round.

In the end, we all have a pretty clear idea of what happened, but unless one of the 2 people directly involved says "I've been lying, this is what happened", then we'll never know, and that this situation exists in the anarchist/squatting scene totally fucks my head up. The possibility of 2 people having different limits and boundaries to what is acceptable behaviour is something that's also in question, but since the guy denies that anything at all happened and has not confronted the issue, I have a lot of trouble believing his account. Were he to say something like that he went too far, didn't realise what he was doing was unwanted, or something like this, that would be different and at least then the issues and problems could begin to be confronted and unravelled, but as it stands with only denial, a "victim" mentality and hiding from the situation, well I feel I can't even begin to believe him.

So since we have no way of solving this issue, all we can do is try to address the greater issues of gender and the way girls & guys relate to each other in the punk scene.

Well, this incident and all it entails has made me far more aware of how I relate to women in the punk scene and in general. Firstly, a number of things became apparent through discussion amongst individuals and groups about how to deal with the situation. I, as I'm sure most others also did, found the whole thing extremely hard to deal with. As already mentioned, I felt that a lot of people used the incident as a vehicle for pursuing their own personal vendettas against the guy, which I felt obscured and detracted from the real issue at hand. Then there was the differences in opinion as to what to do about it. Some girls were in favour of violence, some weren't, some went for the guys involved. I was convinced after some discussion that it would do no good and would only be a male reaction to a male problem.





I was surprised, and still am, that in the case of a close friend who was raped and has never confronted the person who did it or told many people about it, she completely, wholly and absolutely does not want the person who did it confronted. I feel so fuckin angry when I think of this piece of shit getting away with what he's done, the pain he's caused and damage he's done to my friend and maybe others that I want to smash his fuckin face in, kick him in the head, pull his fuckin teeth out with pliers until he feels 1/100th of the pain he's caused and damage he's done. But when I think about it, I guess that were I or someone else to do that, he'd only just take it out on someone else, most likely end up hating women more and blaming them for it, and just do that same thing to someone he thought he could more easily get away with it against. So, I'm not confident that a violent reaction is of much use, and serves only to paper over the overlying problem. These discussions that went on at the time of the incident ~~also~~ also



highlighted to me how difficult it is for other guys as well as myself to talk about these things. I personally found it very hard to say anything ~~uncomfortable~~ "uncomfortable" and felt that I was being judged, with someone ready to jump down my throat, even before I opened my mouth to say anything. I too am aware that this is a threat that women have to deal with and that I can't understand from such a perspective but it's something that affects us all and the way ~~we~~ we can or cannot relate to one another, and I think it's counterproductive to exclude or demean someone's contribution (I saw this happen to others more so than personally experienced it) simply because of their gender. At the same time I was really afraid of saying the wrong thing and afraid of alienating the victim, but I don't know how to approach this aspect in particular. I just felt so choked and unsure of myself, just wanted to give my friend a hug and tell her I was sorry, fuck, Jesus, just sorry for the crimes of males in general, but I just didn't know how to say any of it and was pretty sure that she probably didn't want to be hugged or touched in any way by any male...

I think that with this as with all things the only way it can be approached is with complete openness and honesty. Yet when some others involved in the discussion did this they were villainised & disenfranchised from the debate and were sure to not open their mouths again.

I was really hurt and angered by this, as were a number of my male & female friends. I felt that some individuals were using it as a "P=C. bombing range" or something. What I mean is that it's a lot easier to say all the right things, portray yourself as "right-on" and ~~xx~~ progressive, yet make no actual contribution

to the discussion and solving of the problem at hand, than it is to risk saying something very uncomfortable or unpopular that still needs to be addressed. I believe in one respect that this is an issue that is obviously of more concern to women since it is they who are under immediate threat & have to live with this unequal balance of power beneath patriarchy, yet at the same time I believe it to be of just as much relevance to me and other males in the punk (etc) scene(s) because we all suffer from this situation. I guess that's the part where I get accused of being something-or-other... Don't mistake that I'm saying that males suffer as badly as females from this, it's more that it's something that's in all of our interests to escape and transcend, which I'll come back to a while later. In regard to the difficulties of discussing the issue, I felt that other males were, by some people, disallowed an opinion and automatically looked down upon, which didn't seem to do anyone any good. It just made it far more difficult to address the issues & situation, made people ~~xx~~ afraid to voice uncomfortable ideas for fear of being labelled as just the same as those who commit sexual assault or rape. No one can deny that there is a huge grey area in terms of people's different boundaries and limits, which I think is something that needs a lot of attention. If even this cannot be discussed in an open way without automatic blame and villainisation, then we all lose.

Since this incident I've become more and more aware, sometimes debilitatingly so, of how I relate to women. Just really afraid of acting inappropriately, which I'd ~~rather~~ rather be than just unaware and unconcerned with your actions as most males are ("ah come on, why not?", "I thought you liked me?", "what's wrong with me?" and other various coercion, etc). It's made me really afraid that I'd acted inappropriately in the past, and so I've talked to various ex-girlfriends & sexual



partners about it and been relieved to find that they didn't think that ~~xx~~ I had, except for once in the midst of a long-term relationship. I already knew I'd been unfair by being a horny little bastard trying to convince my girlfriend to have sex with me when she was tired and didn't want to, and I was angry. She was unconvinced and we didn't have sex, which of course I'm really relieved about, that would have been fucking horrible, but it wasn't until I was forced to think about these things in a larger context that I realised that my behaviour had been inappropriate & coercive.. Then again, had I acted inappropriately in other situations, would the girls have felt comfortable in telling me?



As much as I'd like to think that "I'm not that kind of guy",

maybe they'd still feel that I'd get angry or

threatening, or just afraid of hurting my feelings, ego or reputation, and thus said nothing? A lot of people automatically equate sexual violence, assault and rape with physical force alone, but it's only recently that I've begun to consider the co-ercive side to it, and the issue of different people's limits. I guess this is something that most girls are more aware of from, sadly, probably quite a young age, but I suppose you can't be aware of something if you haven't had to experience it or talked about it been thought about it. People still argue about having basic "how you do it" type sex-education in schools, never mind the real issues which people need to consider... The incident I talked about above where I was felt and felt myself to have acted unfairly and ~~inappropriately~~ coercively brings up another issue. Is there any difference between ~~xxx~~ "convincing" someone to have sex with you and coercing them into it? I know that probably most girls had at some point had sex where they've felt pressured into it and unsure of themselves, and that from a young age each gender is forced into their roles of male as sexual predator and female as prey, and supposed to "guard their chastity" and be a nice pure bride for their husband (who's encouraged to fuck off and "sew" their wild oats"). I guess this probably does have an effect on how different people come to regard sex. I don't know. And I guess no matter how "socialised" into your roles you are, you can only challenge them yourself as far as you personally want to and feel comfortable with. So then, I suppose there's no limit at which coercion begins, that any "convincing" at all is or potentially is coercion. Christ...what a minefield. I guess all you can do is tell someone how ~~xx~~ you feel.

Maybe I'll just join a fuckin monastery.

Something else which occurs to me about the issue of people's boundaries and sexual relations in general is the role alcohol plays. I was talking about this to a friend recently and ~~xx~~ realised that it's been, I think, over 5 years since the last time I was sober when I kissed or had sex with someone for the first time, or tried it on...usually COMPLETELY un-sober, in fact really fuckin drunk. That's fuckin mental, makes me feel pretty fucked. If it came down to it, ~~xxx~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ I'm sure I COULD compel myself to express myself whilst not under the influence, ~~xx~~ if it was someone I was sure I was really into and had been for a length of time, but the fact is that I haven't. I guess it's the only way I've gotten the courage & the confidence to try it on with people and say things I'd otherwise NEVER be able to say (which, in retrospect, wouldn't be such a ~~xxx~~ bad thing in some cases...), but, I dunno, is it necessarily a bad thing or is it something to just be accepted and shrugged off? Some of my, em, "liasons" haven't ~~xx~~ seemed like such a good idea over the ~~xxxx~~ course of the following few days, but I guess I don't regret any of them anyway, the point being that you ~~xxx~~ tend to see things rather differently when

you're...eh...pissed. This could be in the form of doing something you usually wouldn't do, going along with something you're not really into, acting a way you wouldn't usually act, and so on, both for better and for worse (worse...). Examples of either aren't necessary (as amusing as they may be), you've all got your own experiences of yourselves and others.

I was recently in the position where someone I'd had sex with a few months previous wanted to do it again, but I didn't want to. This was pretty strange for me since it was the first time I'd ever been in such a situation. I tried to find various reasons to tell her, didn't want to hurt her feelings or give her the impression I didn't find her attractive or whatever, but I felt really ~~xx~~ pushed back into a corner and didn't know how to deal with it, as I imagine how girls probably often feel in their role of the male being the sexual predator and female being prey... Just the awkwardness and uncomfortableness of someone being verbally pushy when you've made it clear how you feel about it. It had the effect of being a further "widening of the ~~xxx~~ lense" in regard to what constitutes sexual ~~xxxxxx~~ intimidation or coercion, and how shitty it can feel even when it's not & has no possibility of being physically threatening. But I have the impression ~~xxxxxx~~ that the common shared-experience is quite different for girls ~~xxx~~ it is for boys. Most girls are pretty well aware of how vulnerable they are when they're drunk (or quickly become aware when they start drinking around men) in a way that boys don't really have to consider or are able to more easily disregard. People's boundaries of what's acceptable behaviour by and towards yourself drastically changes when drunk, and the same is ~~xx~~ true of sexual boundaries. But what can you do about it, it's all relative to the individual? I dunno, I guess just not drink, or else have totally solid boundaries that you're confident you can depend on, or if you're male than just be a lot more hesitant about initiating sexual intimacy (etc) than society in general compels and expects you to be...

For this part I want to go back to the issue of all of us suffering from sexual violence, intimidation, assault, coercion and sexism in general. As already mentioned, this incident has left me with a lot of self-doubt and insecurity and disgust with males in general - especially by the fact that this happened in a squat in the anarchist environment, something that I'd naively believed to be something of a safe-haven from these threats. This has made me think more & more about and become more & more aware of how I relate to women in general. A particular point is physically; the first thing that stands out in my mind is in relation to friends. The first time I really experienced

this was in becoming friends with Dayana, a girl from Brazil who moved to Dublin and lived in the Magpie Squat (she's also interviewed in this issue). She was friendly & affectionate in more physical way than I'd ever before encountered, in that she'd often hug you or some other affectionate gesture ~~xx~~ whenever you met or were leaving in a warm, undramatic kind of way. I thought it was so nice yet it still totally freaked me out...as stupid as it sounds, I was constantly afraid that ~~xx~~ I'd touch her in some way that made her uncomfortable, I dunno, fuck, this feels really hard to say, but put my hand too low or touch her breasts or something? This feels so stupid to write. I don't know where this comes from, I suspect just from growing up in a Catholic society where we're ~~xx~~ taught to constantly be ashamed of our





Also I think from my own growing awareness of & disgust with how people act inappropriately towards women.

Anyway, I just tried to ignore it, but I still felt kind of surprised and stiff and uncomfortable and quite self-conscious, and I noticed that after a while Dayana seemed not to do it so often, with others too, it just made me feel really crap. Then when I moved to Copenhagen it was whoomp! right in my face, since the punx here are in general a lot closer and ~~xxxx~~ unembarrassed physically with one, like just random signs of affection whenever you meet or whenever. It's so nice and the contrast between here and the way people are towards each other in Ireland or wherever is really noticeable. I just can't emphasise enough how nice it is, it really gives me this really warm feeling and helps a lot whenever you're feeling shitty and down. So I totally fuckin' curse myself for being so weird and uptight about it sometimes, 'cos I really don't want to be, the same shit, just afraid that it'll seem weird like an unwanted advance or some pervy shit, that I'll ~~xxxx~~ make someone uncomfortable and embarrass myself. But fuck it, the longer I'm here the easier I find it, it's a lot easier with boys actually, but anyway, I still feel all doubtful and weird about it sometimes. So weird, I really really like this kind of non-sexual physical contact & affection, but I guess ~~xxx~~ 1500 years of Christian oppression doesn't fall away like magic, I'm just afraid that I've already given people the impression that I don't like it by being weird in the past.

Something else that I've noticed is the domination of men in discussions and so on. I've especially noticed this since reading a piece in Kylie's zine, Personality Liberation Front, about sexism. If you take a step back and observe most discussions and social interactions, it's most often dominated by males, with louder voices, interruptions, speaking over others, etc, often quite forcefully. Another aspect of this is with humour. Irish people in particular are cursed/blessed with a sense of humour that basically takes the piss out of everything. Irish punx, presumably from an unconscious opposition to dominant social norms, do so even more. So while in some cases this has a positive effect in that "nothing is sacred", in others it goes way too far.

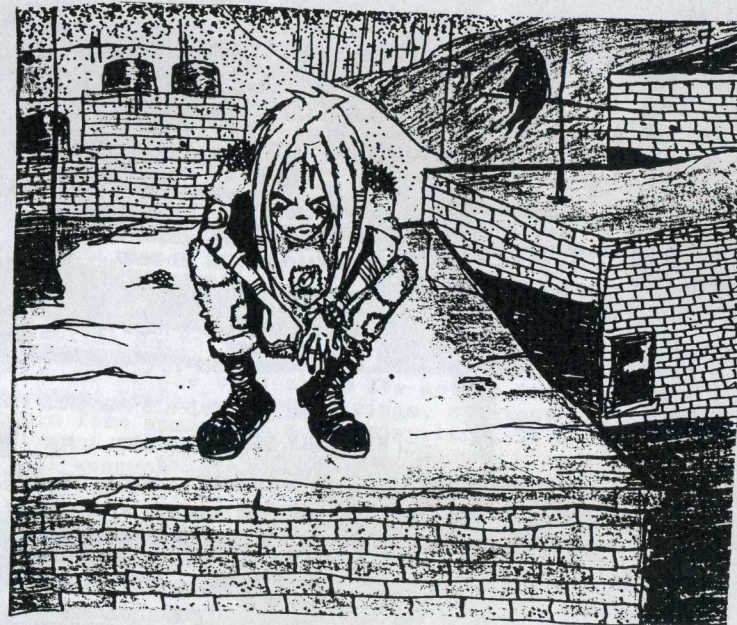
What other people don't realise, with their possible exception of many Australian punks I've met (who seem to share a similar sense of humour), is that the humour is largely comprised of irony & sarcasm mixed with taking the piss out of absolutely everything. So, if someone (punk) makes a stupid/racist/sexist/homophobic joke, it's often from the perspective that holding such a racist/sexist/homophobic opinion ~~xxxx~~ in-and-of-itself is so stupid, that it's hilarious that anyone could say & mean those things, and that's where the humour comes from: ~~xxx~~ e.g., the way that a "norm" might describe something as "gay" if they think it's shitty.

I don't know about you, but when I hear someone say something like "yeah, it's totally gay" when describing a movie or record

or whatever that they don't like, well that just sounds

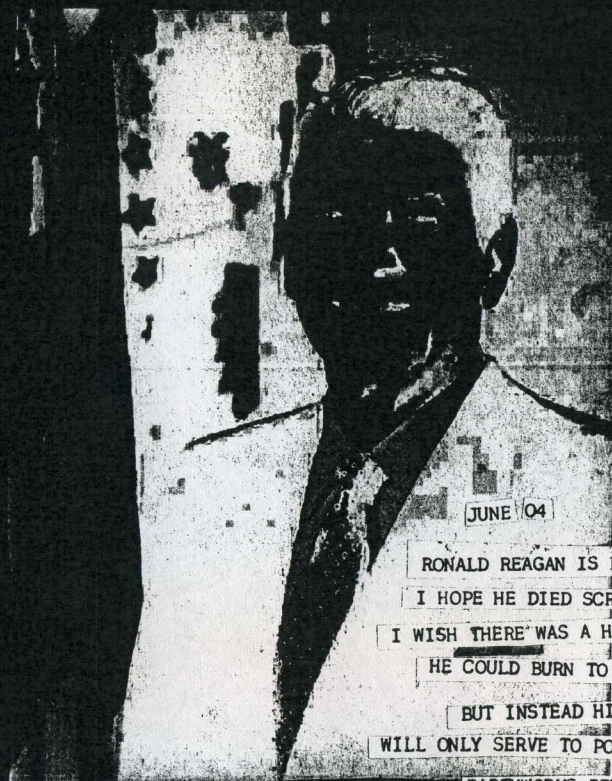
really funny, that someone would use that to mean

there's something wrong with it - "yeah man, that record totally prefers having sex with its own gender and ~~xxx~~ stuff". I dunno, I think it's hard to grasp and pisses me off as much as it amuses me, I'm not trying to make excuses for it, just trying to explain it. But people really do go too far with it. A recent ~~xxxx~~ example was when a guy involved in the Dublin punk scene was having a light-hearted argument with a friend who's a girl. His response to something she said was "shut up or I'll rape you". Supposedly a joke... I was totally shocked and speechless when I heard this. Even worse, a number of people to defend it cos "it was only a joke", "ah, he's an alright guy really", etc. Now anyone who knows me is very much aware that I've got a pretty black sense of humour that can be pretty offensive to some people, but fuck... how far past their line can you possibly go? I don't know how anyone can feel okay about saying that or someone else saying that to



someone? It really disgusts me when people use a word like "rape" lightheartedly, like in discussing a fuckin' sports game or business acquisition or even in political writing, environmentalism and that (but obviously not so much as when it's an everyday word). I think people should ~~xxx~~ be more able to confront others about sexist speech & behaviour, especially guys when other guys say shit like that, or are speaking over women all the time (or even try to notice if you do it yourself?), or are being pervy fuckers or dancing in a way that prevents others from enjoying a gig because they're getting bashed around. People just should never be let get away with (or have to put up with) this shit.





JUNE '04

RONALD REAGAN IS DEAD.

I HOPE HE DIED SCREAMING.

I WISH THERE WAS A HELL WHERE

HE COULD BURN TO CINDERS

BUT INSTEAD HIS PAMPERED FLESH

WILL ONLY SERVE TO POISON A FEW

EARTHWORMS, BENEATH THE GRASS HE

STAINED WITH BLOOD.

NO REST UNTIL

YOUR MASTERS ARE DEAD

# ZINES

Protest No.666, A5, 20pgs.

This is a good solid zine, crusty anarcho type stuff. Short but still long enough to be a proper read. Rare in that in that it's a small DIY zine all done on computer and doesn't look shitty! Sean's got the skills to do this all on computer and still make it look good. A relaxed informal interview with Discharge and other short interviews with Gurkha, Easpa Measa, Langdon Beck and Extinction of Mankind. My favourite part was definitely the piece on hitch-hiking - good stories well written. Also short pieces on the infamous Vietnam war general Nguyen Ngoc Loan, a recipe for banana ~~xxxxxx~~ omelette, a piece on anarchist Guy Aldred and a page about censorship. All good stuff, only thing I'd like to see changed is some more descriptiveness in the reviews & some more personal/challenging questions in the interviews. protestzine(a)yahoo.com, <http://protestzine.cjb.net>



Attitude Problem No.34, A5, 40pgs.

Another issue of the excellent A.P.

This is my favourite zine out of the UK at the moment,

from the layout and aesthetic to the content, opinions and personal feel to it,

it's exactly the kind of zine I'm really into. Interviews this time round with Uro, Pilger,

Severed Head of State and Born/Dead.

Also various writings on the war in Iraq,

veganism, animal rights and environmentalist. Really

sincere and relevant, one for the anarcho/peace-punk/crusty mofos. PO Box 326, Leeds LS7 3YR, UK.



Morgenmuffel No.12, A5, 26pgs.

This is one of the best zines I've gotten in ages, really exciting and refreshing! It's a load of writings, opinions and stories illustrated in comic form about Isy's everyday life. It's about 50/50 drawings & writings, really well-balanced, on one side talks about things like the DSEI weapons fair protests in London, her anarchist prisoner penpals, yeast infections (bleargh!), the West Papuan struggle, and on the other side things like Isy's involvement in the autonomous

Cowley Club (social centre) in Brighton, her crap jobs, drunken exploits, sickness, book reviews, etc. The thing is that the personal and political constantly intersect with each other, and are written and illustrated in a really informal & disarming manner and really draw you in. There's a lot more in here than in most zines of the same ~~xx~~ size. I just recently got the anthology of No.2-II and it's totally great too.

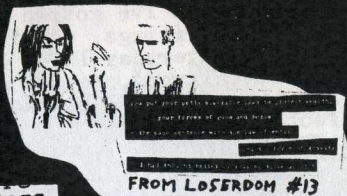
PO Box 74, Brighton BN142Q, UK.





**Lingua Franca No.3, A5, 32pgs.**

Issue No.3 of this zine that's becoming a regularly anticipated favourite of mine from the Irish scene. Strongly and unashamedly influenced by the Cometbus rabble, this seizes it's own identity from the everyday occurrences of Turlough's own life and has it's own distinct buzz goin' on. I love when you read someone's zine and it feels like an insight into their head, especially when it's a friend's and you feel like you're being let into their own private world. Punk in attitude and personal in content, this is a collection firstly of 10 short stories about Turlough's life, ~~xxx~~ friends, past, thoughts and travels, some of which are really touching, just kinda hit the spot, y'know? There's this really great piece on the history of Kilcoole, the village where Turlough's from, that strikes a really good balance between stating the facts and giving funny, slangy descriptions ("John Kennedy was a bloke who at the time of the 1798 rebellion worked his Da's mill. The mill was down where the wall is in the Beachdale Field, another fond drinkin' spot. Kennedy ~~xxx~~ was a sworn United Irishman, who one day let a guy named James Toner stash gunpowder in the mill. Later Kennedy ratted him out to the pigs for some reason", it goes on, gets funnier, fuck, I better stop or I'd ~~xxx~~ just go and reprint the whole thing...no, I can't! -"Okay, let's go back farther again. In 1022 the Vikings rowed their huge, scary-as-fuck longboats onto the beach between Greystones and Kilcoole, probably where we used to spraypaint on the old buildings" -it's this mix of the personal & familiar with ~~xxx~~ the historical & fantastical that makes this great). There's another amazing piece written by Stephen who plays in a band with Turlough about a sad episode in his ~~xxx~~ goings-up (with a happy ending), really open and painful, really good though. Lots of other ~~xxx~~ pieces including a far too "rose-tinted" case study on "What Happened To Summer?". It was just the same boss, only you don't recall all the shitness and misery of being a teenager! Great zine, check it out for sure. Turlough, Cayuga, Main Street, Kilcoole, Co. ~~Wicklow~~ Wicklow, Eire.



FROM LOSERDOM #13

**Loserdom No.12, A5, 44pgs.**

Cool diverse zine printed on nice paper with various writings on cycling, activism and anti-war demonstrations, the Mayday demos last year in Ireland, nutrition, fair trade, West Papua and various other issues. Also lots of cool little stories of Anto & Eugene's adventures and comics that are really nice, and a large piece on the punk subculture with some interviews with punx. Lots of stuff here in A & E's own inimitable styles, this is a good DIY zine -fierce, boss! Anto, 17 New Cabra Road, Phibsboro, Dublin 7, Eire.



FROM LOSERDOM #13

**The Goblin No.1, 60pgs.**

Wow, totally great shit here! This is printed in a really cool format, kinda A5 if you chopped the top off to make it about 4" x 4" square. It's basically Sean's the author's viewpoints on various things combined into a number of political & personal pieces. There's stuff on Sean's introduction to punk and development in the early 90's East Bay scene and reflections on this, and also on the gentrification of Oakland, where he lives. Some pieces about German agitator George Grosz, Chaos Days USA (which Sean played a large part in), CIDER!, roleplaying/fantasy/sci-fi games (hell yeah!) and a load of informal and informative reviews of stuff like various magazines & books, candy cigarettes, pigeons, quorn, ~~xxx~~corice, old Metallica & Emperor albums and various other stuff. Also loads of fucking cool drawings of Sean's and all laid out in a really cool way. Really hpe to see more issues of this. Check [www.goblinfo.com](http://www.goblinfo.com) for new address.

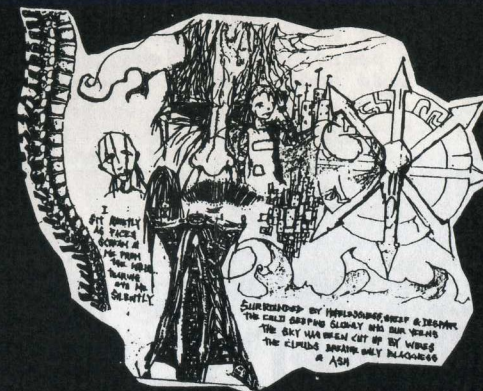


FROM THE GOBLIN

**This Frantic Silence, A5, 28 pgs.**

This is a one-off (with the possibility of a follow-up) project, described as "A D.I.Y. Zine dealing with issues of depression, Anxiety, Suicide & Mental Health". It's a collection of pieces by different people, compiled and laid out by Eric. There's about 15 different pieces by 10 or so people, all approaching the topic from different angles and accompanied ~~xxx~~ with various dark and

not-so-dark imagery. There's poetry and prose pieces of a negative slant, ideas and tactics for overcoming depression, personal descriptions of experiences and struggles and collages of words & drawings. Some pieces I found helpful, others not so much so, some I liked, others I didn't, but all of them served to give me insight into other peoples' struggles with hopelessness and mental strife which are so seldom talked about. A valuable resource. sparkie\_303(a)yahoo.com





No Class No.2, A5, 16pgs.

Very short zine with a short interview with What Happens Next? and a longer, better one with Bob Byrne, an underground comics artist from Ireland whose shit is damn good. Some reviews and some short thoughts on violence and loneliness/discomfort in social

situations. This would be a good zine with more time and effort put into it...says ~~that~~ that there was supposed to be a Busted Heads Records & Subhumans interview but they wouldn't fit, I reckon they would easily have fit with better layout and use of space. The Bob Byrne interview is pretty good, if there was a bit more put into the layouts as with that interview this would be quite good. Colin, 17 Castleknock Wood, ~~Laurel~~ Laurel Lodge, Castleknock, Dublin 15, Eire.

Lucidity No.5, A5, 42pgs.

This is a fucking great zine, and probably my favourite of all the issues of Lucidity so far. It's totally evident how Ed's style of

writing is evolving and growing better & better

over the years. The main theme of this zine is Ed's experience of getting ALL his teeth pulled out and getting a new set of teeth over about 6 months.

There's also pieces on the morality of the Catholic/Christian good/evil, God/Devil mode of thinking and how fucked it is, some different prose/poetry bits and an overdue but

very welcome ode to tea about how much i better it is ~~than~~ <sup>every</sup> and Ed's love relationship with the pleasures of a good cup over the years. But

the majority of it is the story of, background to and personal feelings on Ed's decision to get reteethed, and that's the best part. It's written really well, totally open and frank, like a conversation with a good friend, and illustrates more than just Ed's own personal struggle, in that it serves also to portray one person's struggle to overcome a deep-set problem in their own life and ~~succeed~~ succeed. Fucking deadly! Ed Hannon, Downings & Cross, Prosperous, Naas, Co. Kildare, Eire. [www.zinetrade.net](http://www.zinetrade.net)



LUCIDITY #5

THE CLOCKS SEEM TO TICK FASTER  
IN THESE HOPELESS TIMES

COUNTING DOWN INSTEAD OF ONWARD

THEIR CHIMES LIKE HOLLOW LAUGHTER,  
CACKLING AT THE SIGHT OF SUCH DECAY

THERE IS A DEATH-MASK IN  
THE FACE OF EVERY CHILD

BORN INTO SUCH DESPAIR

SCREAMING AS THEY ARE DRAGGED  
INTO SUCH  
DECAY..

STEPPING THROUGH THE CINDERS OF DOVES, OUR FOOTPRINTS  
LEAVE A TRAIL OF OUR IGNORANCE  
THE SHADOW OF THE GREAT HUMAN TRAGEDY  
CASTING DARKNESS OVER A FUTURE THAT IS FADING FAST

THE  
SKY  
HAS  
BEEN  
CUT  
UP  
BY  
WIDES



# SAMHAIN

CHAOS YOUTH TAKE BACK  
THE STREETS

Last Halloween was my first ever away from Dublin. I was in Copenhagen, which while usually a lively and inspiring place for a punk, was dead as a doornail on Halloween Night.

As we wandered around the Danish capital, looking for trouble, my mind drifted back to times of illegal fireworks, 30ft high bonfires, ghoul children roaming the streets and homemade bombs..

"Samhain" was the most important of all Celtic festivals. This date divided the year into two specific seasons, two contrary forces of nature. Darkness&Light, Death&Life; "Beltane" on May 1st and Samhain on November 1st. The Celtic Year began with An Geamhradh, winter and ended with An Feghar, the Harvest Season. Samhain marked the beginning of this New Year. Communities would gather to slaughter cattle for the feast as well as sacrifice in thanksgiving for the previous year and to aid a fruitful winter harvest. Large fires were lit at the ritual centres of the Tribes such as Tara in Ireland. Brands were then lit from these central fires to re-ignite all the home fires of each Tribe as a symbol of new beginning and to bond each family in the community. It is said that the bones of the slaughtered animals were cast into the fire, and this is where the word bonfire of "bone-fire" is derived.

After the festival, the ashes from the fires were cast over the fields to protect them from the harsh winter months ahead. The fires were also used as a symbol to honour the dead and aid them on their journey.

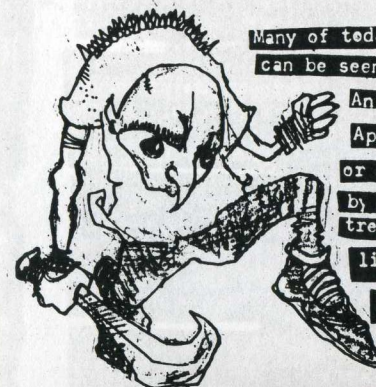
This was a time when the wandering dead were seen to be travelling to the Otherworld, and it was this transition which was reflected in the changing of the seasons.

This intertwining of life and death is represented in Celtic knotwork design as well. Knotwork was also seen as protection against evil spirits, who would seek to capture the departing soul as they travelled to the otherworld. The knotwork was seen to confuse the evil spirit like a maze. The Festival was also seen as a "gap" in time where the physical world and the spiritual world merged on the cusp of the old and new year. Hospitality was shown to the returning dead with food and drink left out overnight as offerings, and doors and gates left unlocked.

Many supernatural creatures were said to roam on this feast day such as faeries or the "Slaugh". It was believed these creatures had the power to carry away fresh corpses for their own ends and it was because of this that the "bier" on which the coffin is rested at a funeral, was smashed after the ceremony, to prevent this.



Faerie cavalcades and funerals were also said to take place around this dark time of year and were closely associated with the dead. The faeries were said to guide the dead souls to the otherworld, but at this time, they could also take any of the living with them too if they came within their path. All the harvests would also have to be gathered for if anything were remaining; the faeries would blast every growing plant with their breath, blighting any nuts and berries remaining on the hedgerows.



Many of today's seemingly arbitrary "Halloween" traditions can be seen to be derived from the ancient Celtic Feast.

An example of this is "Bobbing for Apples", which is said to be a reference to "bhlaon" or Paradise of Apples, where the dead became immortal by eating of the sacred fruit. This was also a fruit whose tree was often associated with the Otherworld and everlasting life.

With the invasion of Christianity on the Pagan peoples, Samhain along with many other traditional festivals and

customs, was hijacked in an attempt to force religion on those who celebrated it.

With the might of the Monarchy behind it, a new Christian power began a campaign of Crusades and Religious War. Followers of the Pagan practices were branded as witches and heretics.

The druids, who had acted as spiritual guides, scholars, scientists, doctors and poets were demonised, subjugated and virtually wiped out. Samhain was eventually changed to "Hallowmass" or "All Saints Day", to commemorate the souls of the blessed dead. The Church finally forced its blessing upon Samhain in 837 A.D. where November 1st was designated "The Feast of All Saints".

The same approach was used to abolish the Mid-Winter celebration of many peoples by assigning Christmas to the date of Dec 25th. However the powerful belief systems and symbolism of Samhain, rooted in the idea of the travelling dead, transition of time and merge with the Otherworld, proved too strong for complete amalgamation by the Christian Church.

In 601 A.D. Pope Gregory I issued a famous edict which stated that to convert native peoples of the new Christian controlled countries the Church should not obliterate peoples customs but rather use them;

If a tree was worshipped in a community he advised his missionaries to consecrate it to Christ and continue its worship, rather than cut it down. It is here that so much meaning and significance relating to the respect and preservation of the natural world was lost. Replaced, only, by the violent and finical notions of Rome.



It is interesting to note other cultures with a similar celebration. One example is the Mexican "Day of the Dead" or "Dia de los Muertos". This is a day where families remember their dead and the continuity of life, very similar to the Celtic tradition. The celebration can be traced back to Mesoamerican native traditions, such as the Aztec month of "Miccailhuitontli". The Day of the Dead is traditionally a time of welcoming the deceased back into the homes they once lived and visiting their graves. This also involves tending to the gravesite, preparing meals, (featuring macabre themes such as skull shaped confections and the essential "Pan de Muerto" or Bread of the Dead). In Oaxaca a variation of this bread is molded into the shape of a body in burial wrap. In homes where the tradition is still honored, altars are made regularly arranging Marigolds, the "Flowers of the Dead" and decorated with items the deceased is believed to find beautiful, or to remind them of home such as photographs, clothing etc. Typically in some indigenous communities the path from the street to the altar is covered in petals to guide the returning spirit, much like some of the reasons behind lighting large fires in ancient Ireland & Scotland.



This macabre celebration of the dead, of an underworld and the chaotic currents that lie beneath a seemingly ordered world, is still rekindled every year on the streets of Dublin and all around Ireland. It has been commercialised, Americanised, bought & sold 1000 times, but still it has not managed to tame the true nature of Halloween, Samhain. It is one day in the year where the young literally take back the very cities which bear down upon them in all their filthy grey, every other day.

On the weeks coming up to the 31st of October kids in Dublin City set fire to huge bonfires, some the height of a house on any scrap of open grass or wasteland in their own corners of the city. For weeks beforehand wood and anything else flammable is collected found and robbed from buildings sites all ways, and other kids stash piles. Fireworks of any kind are completely illegal in Ireland but in the town centres street sellers peddle smuggled bangers, rockets, repeaters and screamers to anyone who wants to blow something up.

For one night the Police are afraid. The city lights up, and fires blaze in every direction, kids run riot & no one can really stop them.

Dublin's city centre is a dark and congested place, shops, flats & houses thrown together in a mangled collision of business and homestead. The suburbs are endless, identical houses giving way every few miles to monolithic shopping centres, patches of wasteland, car-parks and strips of motorway gouged between the housing estates.

There are few places for children to actually go. If they do find somewhere they are generally told to get out and stay out. Police harass and even beat up kids who hang around after dark if they feel like it. Pool halls, arcades, swimming pools, etc cost lots of money as do the cities only 2 skateparks, which you could have to travel 15 miles to get to from some areas.

Halloween gives kids an opportunity to take back the night for themselves, a night where societal norms are uprooted, a night of lawlessness, when the streets transform into a chaotic playground, instead of the dull forbidden swathes of tarmac they usually are.

Looking back on it, Halloween was definitely empowering as a kid. Making huge fires, buying fireworks off shady men in dodgy markets, thinking I was part of some huge conspiracy.. blowing up bins & milk bottles with homemade bombs, having small scale wars with other kids shooting rockets at one another, sneaking into the football ground and running around listening to the explosions resonate round the huge concrete stands.





There is of course an anti-social, sometimes frightening side to Halloween and I'm not going to infer for a second that by taking this temporary freedom, Dublin kids act out some Anarchic Utopia..far from it. I remember cats being thrown into electricity pylons by some local bastards, cats being literally blown to pieces in a front perch, kids getting the shit kicked out of them with seemingly more vigour than usual. One sickening story I heard recently involved a horse who had previously kicked a child, being tied to a pole in a bonfire until it burned to death. I remember older kids in my area causing complete mayhem, blowing up a pile of gas cylinders they had robbed from a pub, causing an explosion that could be seen a mile away. Setting huge felled trees in the park on fire and rolling them down a hill towards the houses that backed onto it, fights erupting between 20 teenagers on each side spewing out onto the street, with the police helicopter spotlighting it until the squad cars came... Cycling through the city on November 1st is always surreal. It is as if a small war had taken place. Patches of scorched earth, burnt out cars, spent fireworks everywhere and just a general increased amount of random vandalism.

While I always found the slaying of household pets, at this time, abhorrent and was enraged by it even as a ten year old runt, I never let it become synonymous with my view of Halloween.

The same way as I accepted the fact that the elder lads who wanted to beat the fuck out of me were not going to go away, and I just had to avoid them and get on with my own mischief. Along side this, however, it is amazing to see

so many children enjoying themselves of their own volition.

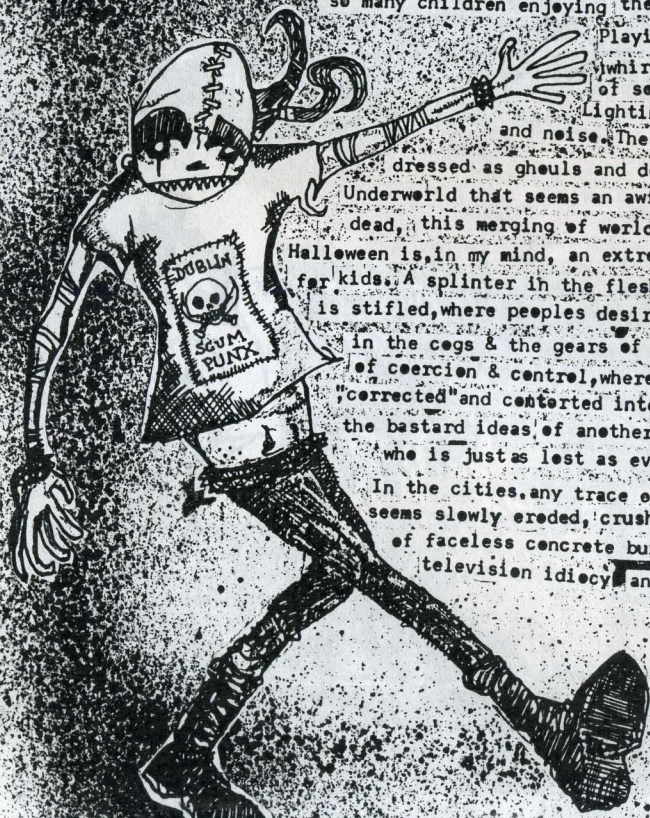
Playing in the dead hours of the night, whirling round gigantic flaming mounds of societies excesses.

Lighting up a neon stained sky with colour and noise. The younger ones roaming the streets

dressed as ghouls and demons, reveling in the horrors of an Underworld that seems an awful lot closer on this night of the dead, this merging of worlds.

Halloween is, in my mind, an extremely empowering and positive time for kids. A splinter in the flesh of a world where individuality is stifled, where peoples desires & dreams are chewed up in the cogs & the gears of a relentless system of coercion & control, where child after child are subjugated, "corrected" and contorted into a confined idea of normalcy, the bastard ideas of another corrupted "adult", who is just as lost as everyone else.

In the cities, any trace of imagination and hope seems slowly eroded, crushed from our bodies by shadows of faceless concrete buildings, rearing choking traffic, television idiosyncrasy and consumer lies



The young are slowly smothered, by incessant screaming teachers, spiteful vitriolic priests and the stinking breath of bullying cops, as they tear their minds to shreds, with worn out words, hateful premises and malicious threats. Any chance at escaping this banal descent into submission to those who try to rule us should be, and is embraced

If anything Halloween should be celebrated for the chaos of youth. These last unbridled shreds of spirit which still lie beneath our skin. Borne out of the Celtic Festival of the Dead it has escaped the clutches of the Church & State and still remains a celebration of the darker

hidden realities of life and death.

Like punk it is a physical manifestation of all the filth of humanity, the "dirt behind the daydream",

the vermin of the city, nobody wants to see.

I hope the Irish Punk in Copenhagen can introduce our friends there to

this Day of the Dead;

this celebration of all that is unseen,

ignored & forgotten.

It is an outburst of rage

and a festival all at once.

A dirty spark in a corner of the world.

The fires of Samhain

are definitely still

smouldering.





THORNS IN THEIR FLESH WE MUST REMAIN

NEVER BOWING DOWN,

EVEN WHEN THEIR BUILDINGS

WIEGH UPON OUR BACKS.

IN PACKS WE

SURVIVE



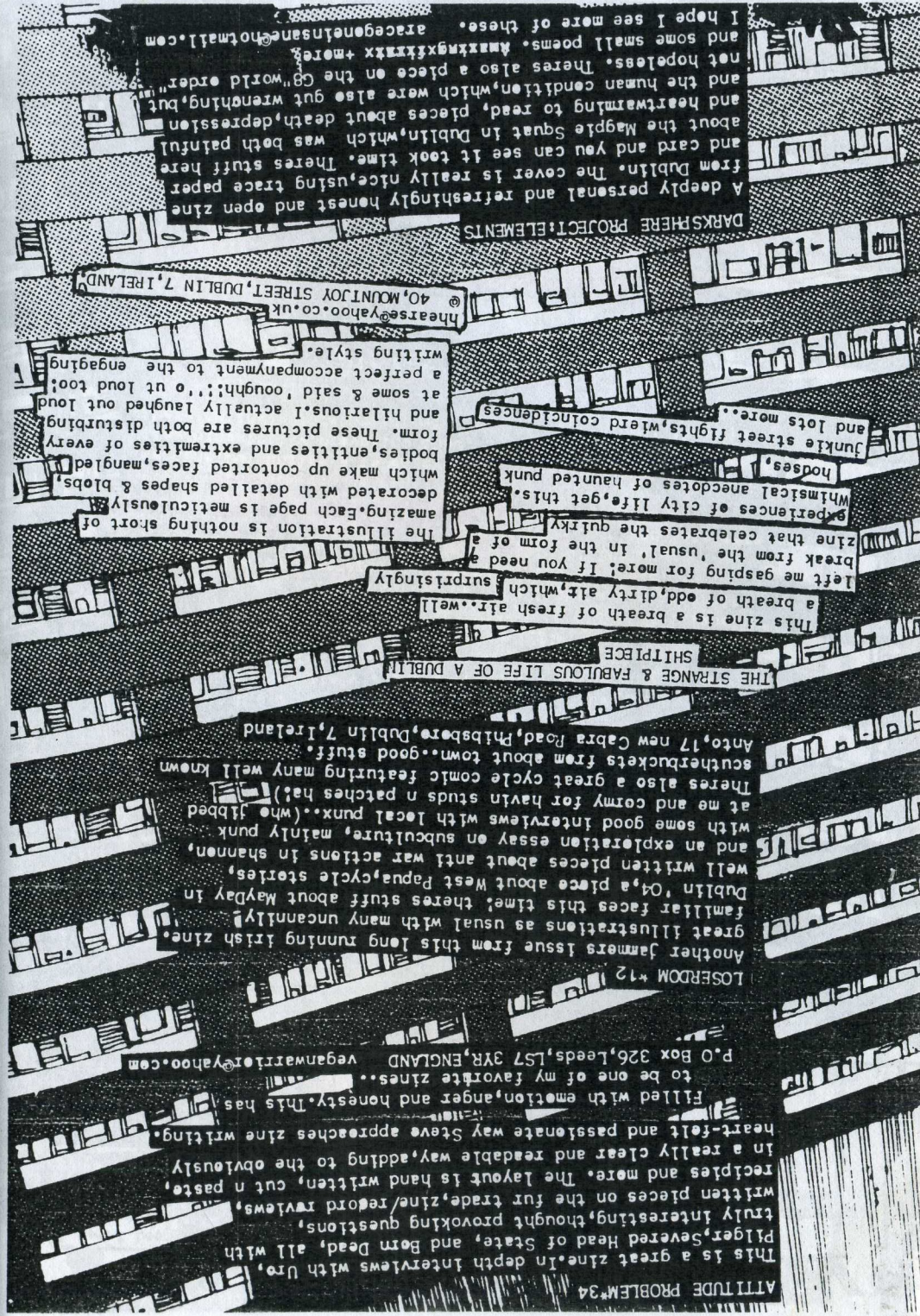
THE COBLIN  
This zine was just what I needed. Refreshing and original  
of thoughts and words including pieces about the plastication  
the Goblin is a perfectly laid out & illustrated collection  
and getting George & his work during the Nazi Germany,  
and a piece about the sheer joy of being a 'rustic' older drinker  
+ the drinks origins & history. There's also stuff about  
Emperor... at last reviews I actually enjoyed! -  
There's loads more and I have to say again the art is amazing.  
Lots of crusty little punk urchins scampering about woods  
and other archaic looking landscapes... a perfect mix of  
bulletbells & toadstools... xxxxxx brilliant.  
www.goblinke.com

FURBIA\*4  
Great crusty cut n paste zine, written by a Brazilian  
living in Finland. Lots of great photos of epkkey  
punk, a London scene report, record reviews, a good  
interview with INEPPY, tales of gigs and drunkenness  
and gigs in Finland and some more personal stuff.  
c/o Diana Takehana, Matsunaka  
Metamorphentle 6, 33340, Tampere, FINLAND  
xarepel@netmail.com

Word that on the other side of this zine  
is this zine; but I'm fuckin' reviewing it cuz it's  
deadly. Another monster issue from corny. There's  
an interview with aquatters from the Magpie House  
in Dublin, a Copenhagen scene report, a great interview  
with the Bagdas, with really interesting questions,  
punk in the Irish scene, Center, and an interview with  
Die Kreuzer, which was a great idea and really informative.

Corny writes the things many of us have trouble saying, in  
an honest, thought provoking way. The piece about "why I  
hate cops" made me see the, but was great to read so many  
of the emotions I feel towards the pigs on paper. There's  
There's also some great, fucked up travel stories from all  
over Europe east and west, with a fine delop of chaos,  
record/zine reviews, and a piece about a fight in Dublin  
outside a gig which raised a lot of concerning questions about  
punk fighting back. There's also a piece about  
punk fashion, 'punch' fashion, 'punch' fashion, 'punch' fashion,  
le studs, patches, blah blah can help to strengthen this  
community, or at least make you feel more comfortable in yourself,  
help other punk to recognise ya etc, feel protected from the  
bastards on the street etc.. ok I've gone on enough,  
great layout, great content, my favorite Irish punk zine.  
PO BOX 604, 2200 Copenhagen, DENMARK  
razethestr@netmail.com



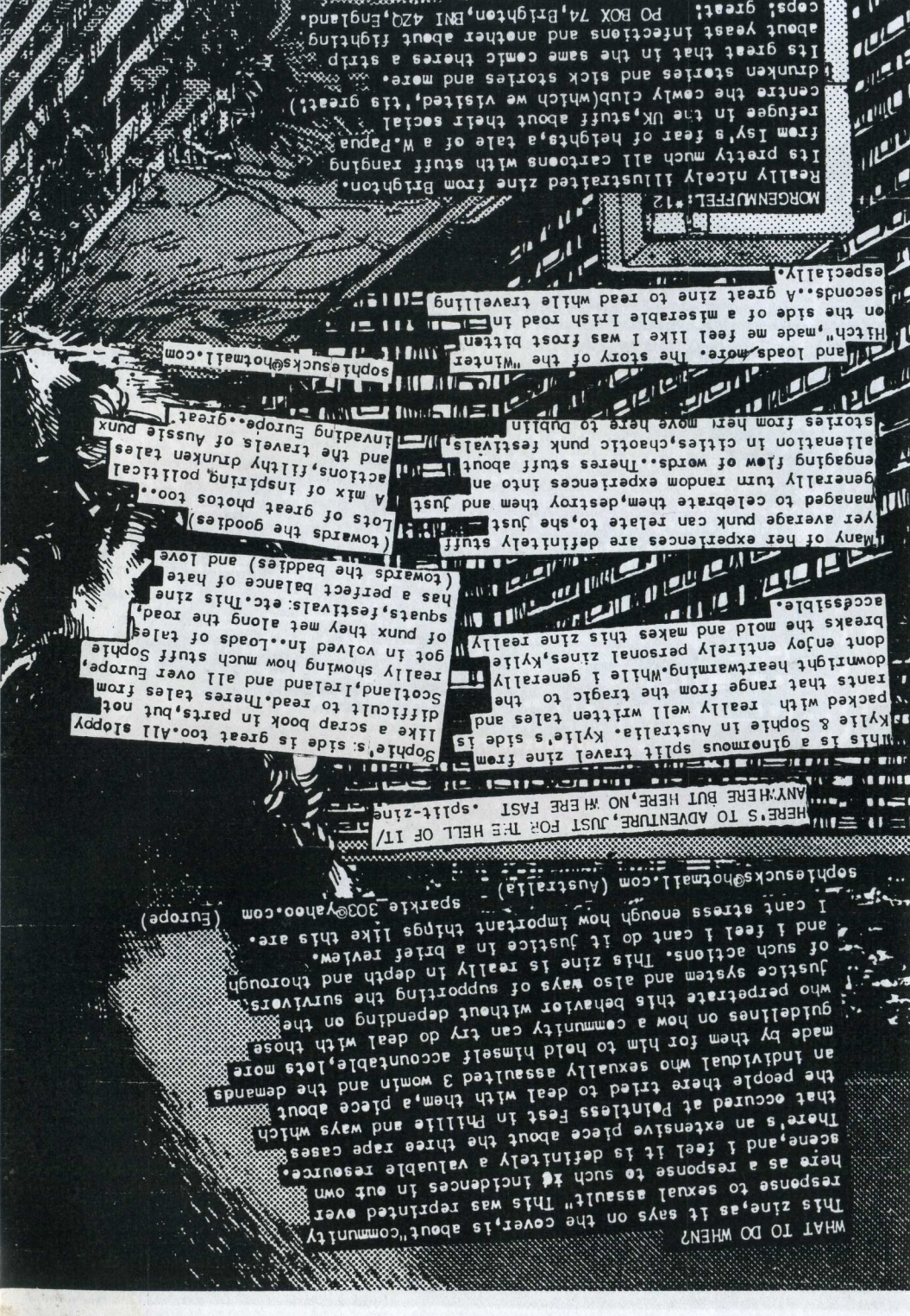


ATTITUDE PROBLEM #34  
This is a great zine. In depth interviews with Ure, Piger, Severe Head of State, and Born Dead, all with truly interesting, though provoking questions, written pieces on the fur trade, zine/reform reviews, recipes and more. The layout is hand written, cut n paste, in a really clear and readable way, adding to the obviously heart-felt and passionate way Steve approaches zine writing. Filled with emotion, anger and honesty. This has to be one of my favorite zines...  
P.O. Box 326, Leeds, LS7 3XR, ENGLAND  
vegawarrior@yahoo.com

LOSERDOM #12  
Another Jammers issue from this long running Irish zine. Great illustrations as usual with many uncannily familiar faces this time, there's stuff about Mayday in Dublin '04, a piece about West Papua, cycle stories, well written pieces about anti war actions in Shanghai, and an exploration essay on subculture, mainly punk with some good interviews with local punks. (who I bled at me and cormy for havin studs n patches ha!) There's also a great cycle comic featuring many well known scutbuckets from about town... good stuff.  
Anto, 17 new Cabra Road, Phibsboro, Dublin 7, Ireland

THE STRANGE & FABULOUS LIFE OF A DUBLIN SHITPIECE  
This zine is a breath of fresh air... well a breath of odd, dirty air, which is surprisingly left me gasping for more. If you need a break from the 'usual' in the form of a zine that celebrates the quirky experiences of city life, get this. Whimsical anecdotes of haunted punk hodies, Junkie street fights, weird coincidences and lots more...  
@ 40, MOUNTJOY STREET, DUBLIN 7, IRELAND  
@ hhearse@yahoo.co.uk

DARKSPHERE PROJECT: ELEMENTS  
A deeply personal and refreshingly honest and open zine from Dublin. The cover is really nice, using trace paper and card and you can see it took time. There's stuff here about the Magpie Squat in Dublin, which was both painful and heartwarming to read, pieces about death, depression and the human condition, which were also gut wrenching, but not hopeless. There's also a piece on the '08 world order' and some small poems. Amxkmgxixix + more.  
I hope I see more of these.  
aragegenusane@hotmail.com



WHAT TO DO WHEN?  
This zine, as it says on the cover, is about 'community response to sexual assault'. This was reprinted over here as a response to such incidents in our own scene, and I feel it is definitely a valuable resource. There's an extensive piece about the three rape cases that occurred at Pointless Fest in Phillie and ways which the people there tried to deal with them, a piece about an individual who sexually assaulted 3 women and the demands made by them for him to hold himself accountable, lots more guidelines on how a community can try to deal with those who perpetrate this behavior without depending on the justice system and also ways of supporting the survivors of such actions. This zine is really in depth and thorough and I feel I can't do it justice in a brief review.  
I can't stress enough how important things like this are.  
sparkie\_303@yahoo.com (Europe)  
sophiesucks@hotmail.com (Australia)

HERE'S TO ADVENTURE, JUST FOR THE HELL OF IT/  
ANYWHERE BUT HERE, NO WHERE FAST. Split-zine  
Sophie's side is great too. All sloppy like a scrap book in parts, but not difficult to read. There's tales from Scotland, Ireland and all over Europe, really showing how much stuff Sophie got involved in... loads of tales of punk they met along the road, squats, festivals, etc. This zine has a perfect balance of hate (towards the baddies) and love towards the goodies). Lots of great photos too... A mix of inspiring, political actions, filthy drunken tales and the travels of Aussie punk stories from here to Dublin and Invading Europe... great.  
and loads more. The story of the 'Winter Hitch', made me feel like I was frost bitten on the side of a miserable Irish road in seconds... A great zine to read while travelling especially.

MORGENMUELL #12  
Really nicely illustrated zine from Brighton. It's pretty much all cartoons with stuff ranging from Isy's fear of heights, a tale of a W. Papua refugee in the UK, stuff about their social centre the cowly club (which we visited, it's great) drunken stories and sick stories and more. Its great that in the same comic there's a strip about yeast infections and another about fighting cops; great! PO BOX 74, Brighton, BN1 4ZQ, England.

and loads more. The story of the 'Winter Hitch', made me feel like I was frost bitten on the side of a miserable Irish road in seconds... A great zine to read while travelling especially.



Some of the solutions which were decided upon at the meeting included,

the idea to,

Start a WOMENS GROUP, to meet regularly and discuss the issue  
to provide support for those who may have undergone  
sexual abuse or other problems.  
to provide a space where women felt safe to talk  
of their own experiences and concerns

A MENS GROUP, A resource for men who have experienced sexual abuse  
A space to discuss these issues and start figuring out  
what we can do to unlearn the sexist patterns of behavior  
we have been taught to uphold in mainstream society.

Set up JOINED GROUPS where men and women can discuss  
these issues together and offer solutions.

To create SAFE SPACES in houses/squats where people  
know they can go if they have undergone any trauma  
especially in their own homes, and feel they have  
nowhere they can go and feel secure.

To start COMPILING RESOURCES: collect zines, books,  
films etc. for people to use and inform themselves.

To create a website focused on providing support  
and information for those who have undergone forms  
of sexual abuse or need information on the subject.

Also to PUBLISH A ZINE dealing with these issues and  
distribute it widely.

This was a really difficult process for us, and  
something many of us had no experience in.  
In a country which is recovering from its religious  
tumour, there is an air of secrecy and even dismissal  
toward issues of sexism, rape and  
physical abuse. Problems, which I feel are all  
interlinked. These are issues which affect both men and women

One way I feel we can hope to combat them and help those  
who have undergone such terrible harm is by providing  
support for one another & continually trying to destroy  
the bullshit gender constraints which threaten to smother  
us all.

I haven't been reading as many zines as I used  
to, but thank you to everyone who sent stuff  
for review. Because of moving houses and other  
stuff some zines may have got lost or never  
received so I'm sorry if I left ya out...

WARNING\*1  
Crustaculture existence as usual from Frank's Great Layout,  
At this time, lots of white on black images of punk and war.  
This is alot more music related than other zines by Frank.  
Interviews with Blood Spit Nights, Wretched, Kentate and the  
manager of Discharge during the Grave New World tour and the  
which was fuckn depressing. The other interviews are great  
with good pics of the bands. There's a good piece about the  
deception and corruption of the media and the state in relation  
to the war in Iraq, and more.  
PO BOX 40113, Portland-City, OR 97240-0113, USA

LUCIDITY\*4  
Another big zine from edzer. These zines have been  
growing on me lately..like a fungus...a happy fungus,  
a sad fungus..but definitely an engaging fungus..ok,  
no more metaphores for me: Lucidity

Lucidity has personal pieces on murder in a small village,  
medication, and being inspired by the fight against fascism  
through football(escape to victory, dynamite Kiev etc)  
there's an extensive piece on the history of torture,  
rants against the dogma of the catholic church and lots more.  
The writing is complex and potent, it sometimes seems  
every word has been carefully placed, as a zine  
machine, but unlike a robot everything he writes seems to  
flow organically, provoking thought and reflection..  
there go those fuckn metaphores again..get this.

Ed Hannen, Downings Cross, Prosperous, Naas, Co. Kildare, Eire.  
MISHAP\*18

Yet another brill issue from Ryan Mishap.  
Great writing as usual. Stuff on the U.S elections  
and the importance of community based struggle.  
stuff about realising inequalities that exist  
even in small scale examples like the workplace,  
a piece about Christianity being the subconscious  
justification for a society based around gendered,  
stuff about the commodification of skateboarding  
and more observations on daily life, all containing  
subtle relevance to a belief that community based  
action, resistance and cooperation are just as  
relevant as a drive towards spontaneous revolution,  
something I agree with wholeheartedly (is that one word?)

PO BOX 5841, Eugene, OR 97405, USA  
mishapzine@yahoo.com

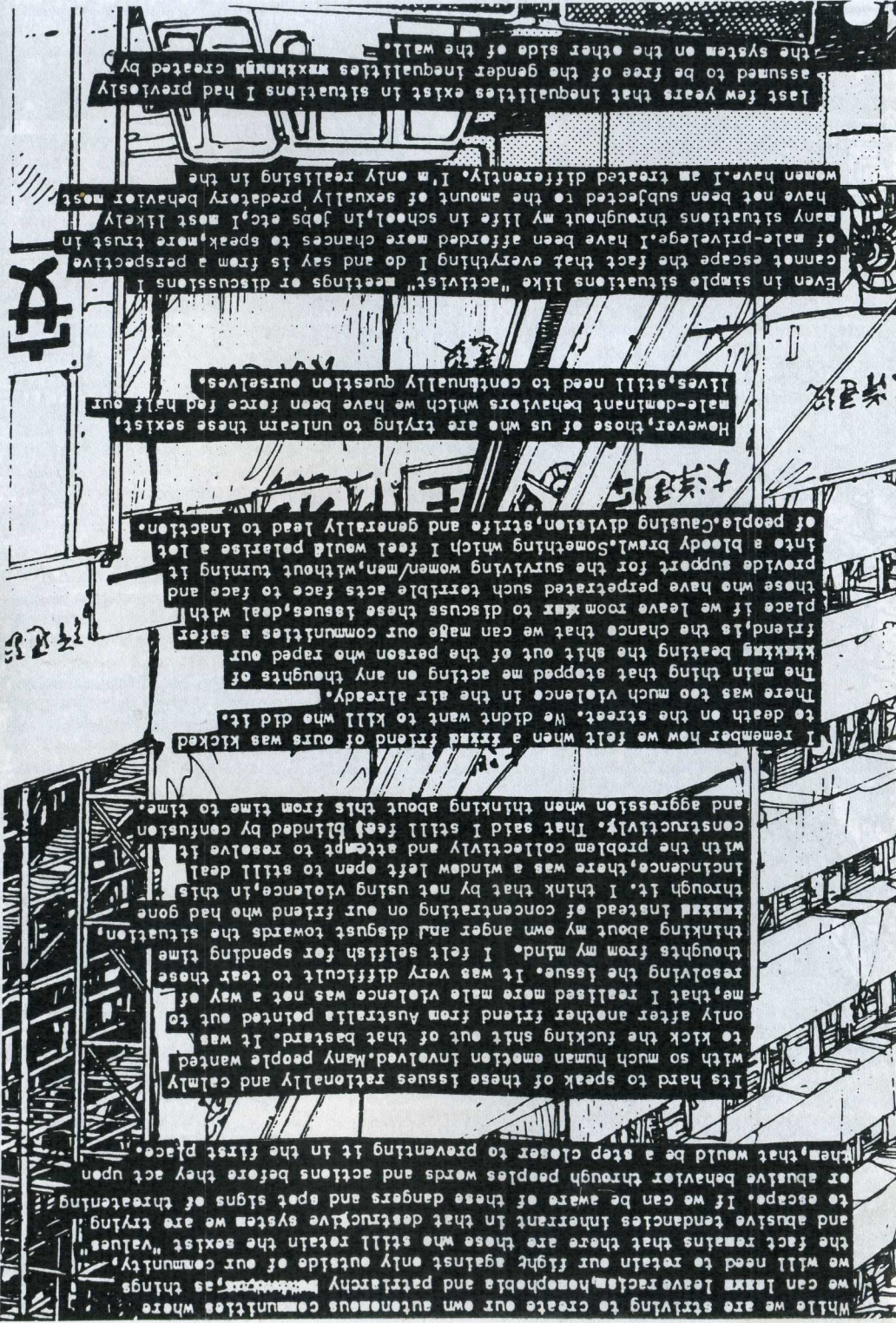


While we are striving to create our own autonomous communities where we can leave racism, homophobia and patriarchy behind as things we will need to retain our fight against only outside of our community, the fact remains that there are those who still retain the sexist "values" and abusive tendencies inherent in that destructive system we are trying to escape. If we can be aware of these dangers and spot signs of threatening or abusive behavior through peoples words and actions before they act upon them, that would be a step closer to preventing it in the first place.

Its hard to speak of these issues rationally and calmly with so much human emotion involved. Many people wanted to kick the fucking shit out of that bastard. It was only after another friend from Australia pointed out to me, that I realised more male violence was not a way of resolving the issue. It was very difficult to treat these thoughts from my mind. I felt selfish for spending time thinking about my own anger and disgust towards the situation, instead of concentrating on our friend who had gone through it. I think that by not using violence in this inclusion, there was a wisdom left open to still deal with the problem collectively and attempt to resolve it constructively. That said I still feel blinded by confusion and aggression when thinking about this from time to time.

I remember how we felt when a friend of ours was kicked to death on the street. We didnt want to kill who did it. There was too much violence in the air already. The main thing that stopped me acting on any thoughts of kicking beating the shit out of the person who raped our friend, is the chance that we can make our communities a safer place if we leave room for people to discuss these issues, deal with those who have perpetrated such terrible acts face to face and provide support for the surviving women/men, without turning it into a bloody brawl, something which I feel would polarise a lot of people. Causing division, strife and generally lead to inaction.

Even in simple situations like "activist" meetings or discussions I cannot escape the fact that everything I do and say is from a perspective of male privilege. I have been afforded more chances to speak, more trust in many situations throughout my life in school, in jobs etc, I most likely have not been subjected to the amount of sexually predatory behavior most women have. I am treated differently. I'm only realising in the last few years that inequalities exist in situations I had previously assumed to be free of the gender inequalities which have been created by the system on the other side of the wall.

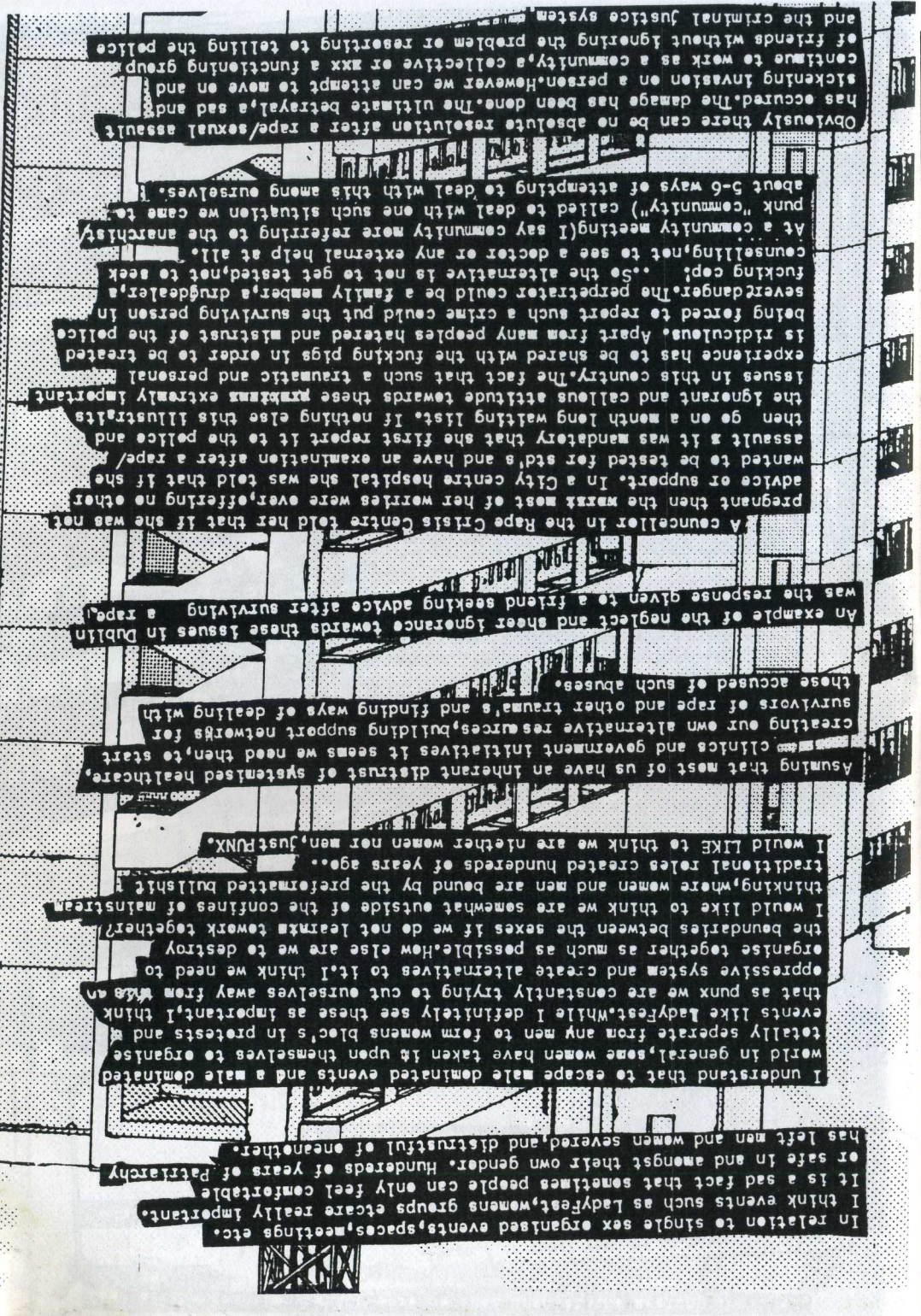


In relation to single sex organised events, spaces, meetings etc. I think events such as Ladyfest, womens groups etc are really important. It is a sad fact that sometimes people can only feel comfortable or safe in and amongst their own gender. Hundreds of years of patriarchy has left men and women severed and distrustful of one another.

I understand that to escape male dominated events and a male dominated world in general, some women have taken it upon themselves to organise totally separate from men to form womens blocs in protests and events like Ladyfest. While I definitely see these as important, I think that as punk we are constantly trying to cut ourselves away from the oppressive system and create alternatives to it. I think we need to organise together as much as possible. How else are we to destroy the boundaries between the sexes if we do not learn to work together? I would like to think we are somewhat outside of the confines of mainstream thinking, where women and men are bound by the preformatted bullshit traditional roles created hundreds of years ago. I would like to think we are neither women nor men, just PUNK.

Assuming that most of us have an inherent distrust of systemised healthcare, clinics and government initiatives it seems we need then, to start creating our own alternative resources, building support networks for survivors of rape and other traumas and finding ways of dealing with those accused of such abuses. An example of the neglect and sheer ignorance towards these issues in Dublin was the response given to a friend seeking advice after surviving a rape.

A counsellor in the Rape Crisis Centre told her that if she was not pregnant then the most of her worries were over, offering no other advice or support. In a City centre hospital she was told that if she wanted to be tested for STD's and have an examination after a rape/assault it was mandatory that she first report it to the police and then go on a month long waiting list. If nothing else this illustrates the ignorant and callous attitude towards these problems extremely important issues in this country. The fact that such a traumatic and personal experience has to be shared with the fucking pigs in order to be treated as ridiculous. Apart from many peoples hatred and mistrust of the police being forced to report such a crime could put the surviving person in a dangerous position. The perpetrator could be a family member, a friend, a fucking cop. So the alternative is not to get tested, not to seek counselling, not to see a doctor or any external help at all. At a community meeting I say community more referring to the anarchists/punk community called to deal with one such situation we came to about 5-6 ways of attempting to deal with this among ourselves. Obviously there can be no absolute resolution after a rape/sexual assault has occurred. The damage has been done. The ultimate betrayal, sad and shocking invasion on a person, however we can attempt to move on and continue to work as a community, a collective or xxx a functioning group of friends without ignoring the problem or resorting to telling the police and the criminal justice system.





[illegible]

Patrlarchy is far from dead.

**Patriarchy is far from dead.**

I am definitely of the belief that abuse and disrespect are born out of an environment where certain behavior is not questioned and largely ignored. The misogynistic, spiteful attitudes which are all around us as we grow definitely contribute to this. I hate to look at things in terms of men & women, the same way I hate to look at people in terms of their nationality, ~~ethnicity, or religion~~. These things people cannot avoid.

I prefer to look at everyone individually. However when certain privileges are extended to one set of people and not another that has to be acknowledged. I think as men we need to continually question ourselves and extended a male-privilege we may never have noticed. We have come of age in a sickening, twisted world, where powerful men have gouged out their fortunes on the backs of others. Along the way they have used their power to subjugate women, to abuse, to cripple. They have created a society "where women have had to fight tooth and nail to stand on their own, without an all powerful man behind them. It is this world which we have come out of. We have to realize that even our words can be poison. That, while it may have been a minority of rich, vile and greedy men who created modern patriarchy, its repulsive legacy extends to all men. Once we reject it in all its forms, spit it back in the face of those corrupt and vicious bastards who seek to control our sisters, our mothers, our friends, than maybe we stand a chance at destroying this rotten abuse of power and control.

Last Summer, in a squatted house in Dublin, one of the worst abuses ever committed by someone I once called a friend took place. I will not go into detail, there are already lines in print relating to drag it up again for those involved sake.

In short, a much loved and respected friend, visiting from another country allowed someone we thought also to be a friend and trusted activist to ~~xxxxxxx~~ force himself upon her. It wasn't until the next day that she really realised that she had been raped.

So much of the safety & security we take for granted in squats, gigs, cafes, actions etc are based purely on trust, a trust that can so easily be betrayed and manipulated. It is something which threw me into a rage which I only took out on a few nearby walls, and saddened me so deeply to see what it had done to such a good friend. Of course only she knows the reality of such an abuse, I can only speak for myself.



I think a lot of it is that people have different ideas of what's acceptable and what's forceful and so on... <sup>what I think</sup>

...do this ...  
that and probably the fault of the other side not to say "I'm not sure I want to  
comfortable to have sex, like ask "are you okay, are you sure" and stuff like  
think you have to really perceive what's going on and see if the person's really  
after you feel paranoid about what happened, I think it's the fault of both, I  
just that if you can't really express yourself and you have sex and then  
always very well if people are drunk, not in this case, just in general  
I think it's the fault of both people, for women who don't express

Clodagh: Just to say, like, "is it okay if we have sex?"

Tamara: Well, I've said that before to people and I don't think it's a horrible  
 thing to say, and I mean, I think you can tell, like if somebody suddenly  
 kind of stops, you know, like, you're getting all hot and heavy and they suddenly  
 stop moving and they're kind of like "om." I think that should kinda tip you  
 off, like if you like them enough to be there in the first place, whether you're  
 half-drunk as I usually am, or you're not, it's still, you know, is this okay, do  
 you not want to do it?

I amarak: yeah, and it's really not the end of the world, you actually can say it and the person may very well thank you for it, like "thank you, cos I didn't know how to say yes am" or "no" and I just wanted to know that you were... still paying attention! That this wasn't going on without me! [laughter]

kytite: untel was I tltel I had a really deal to with an incident of sexual assault. I was a "community level" before. But I most certainly had very real sexual effects of sexual assault within my immediate circle. One of the reasons I think I level before is because many times, the (myself) have felt like all your energy is going to just surviving, just basically trying to get through it at a personal level.

level, and you don't feel like you just don't have the energy to take it further in terms of a community reaction or response. It's exhausting and upsetting to know that everyone is talking about you (but none maybe over talking to you about it) over again. Like Tamarack said, sometimes it's easier to just leave town than deal with it. When we had discussions in Dublin, several other incidents got brought up, and some people

to discuss these issues when they come up. It is, at the very least, the start of a (probably) more open and honest relationship. I don't necessarily have to keep it a secret. Although I have a long way to go to feel like there is more common ground between us, I feel like I can begin to build on that. I don't necessarily have to keep it a secret. Although I have a long way to go to feel like there is more common ground between us, I feel like I can begin to build on that. I don't necessarily have to keep it a secret. Although I have a long way to go to feel like there is more common ground between us, I feel like I can begin to build on that.

Rebecca Lyall had a bad experience at the Belladonna Div Fest in Australia (<http://www.belladonnadivfest.com.au>), and some of us realised that in the past, like by talking about this stuff, we are able to realise that we are not necessary all taking no sexual assault, but still like inappropriate touching and sexual behaviour.

Also, we've talked about how a lot of us are feminist and fight

[illegible]

...I don't feel good about it, in that sense, but I also couldn't imagine it happening back home, so maybe that's a credit...

Tamarack: A credit to this small, small island after all, see the basing and of Europe anyway, habah.

social existence, and I am not sure if that's the most productive or best way of approaching it. I like, I can see reasons for both sides, why it is and it isn't, but I don't... like I think that on one hand it can make other women in general feel safer, and the victim directly involved, and that's maybe the main reason you'd see, but at the same time it doesn't change the person's attitude and it doesn't change people in general's attitudes and it doesn't make the person and themselves deal with the issues that caused them to do this and consequently other people who undoubtedly would have the same internal... mental processes or whatever that would allow them to think rape or sexually assault people, it doesn't force them to deal with it. I think

...and I'm not happy about it. I don't know what power it has at the end of the day," but the latest decision here was that the fellow who was involved has a 6-month "cooling out" period, and I'm

happy enough with what I believe that he is guilty of sexually assaulting someone, and I also can appreciate that I'll never be proved and I think that something like a "cooling out" is good because you're not saying you're ostracized, and as much as it's going to come across, it's important to say "we haven't judged, it's not like we know this happened", whatever, but there's, like, ten different things that can be pointed out just like "you made people uncomfortable, you did x or

...the same time it's enough time that hopefully this  
...long enough, it's not like, forever, but at the same time  
...evaluation. I wanted a year, and then re-evaluation, because I felt that would  
...the cooling pot and what was not good about them, and then they  
...each other. Like, I mean, if I had suggested a cooling pot to go away from  
...this is where you're being inappropriate," etc. Everyone just needs to get away from  
...this is where you're being inappropriate," etc. Everyone just needs to get away from  
...this is where you're being inappropriate," etc. Everyone just needs to get away from

[illegible]

Codaugh: Well, the thought just struck me that... well, in this case the person doesn't think they did anything wrong, but if someone might go have to allow for them to go to go to Jesus, like I fuckin did this horrible thing and

[illegible]



1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses, which appears to be a directory or a list of contacts. The names are written in a stylized, cursive script, and the addresses are listed below them. The list includes names such as "Mr. J. H. Smith", "Mrs. A. B. Jones", and "Mr. C. D. Brown".

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which, like, it's a fuckin horrible, really, really shitty situation for anyone to be in on any level. But I dunno, in contrast, like this is the first time I've seen it dealt with in this way, like, "oh, well, s---, she's probably have to wait another year, or, omg, before you ask me what I think of it, it's very strenuous to go through community meetings about rape. Especially when the accused shows up, can be very stressful."

Dayana: Well I think from the opposite side, like, so many women are raped and they don't say because they're really embarrassed and, like, when you say something about your sexual side, something really personal, no-one's going to say it as rapists, it's something personal, like, it's something you don't know what's happened, and everyday I hear and hear more and hear more about girls.

[illegible]

I'm having a really hard time, I'm kinda thinking I might see a counselor for just met with that silence. "hmm... And it was talk to of like, "That good old, Irish silence, do you want another cup of tea?" Tamarack: Yeah, like, "TEA then, will I make the tea." It's just like you

...I dunno, I think it's loads of reasons, it's a social thing. Part of it is the way nobody wants to be like if anybody kinda acts in a way that is the

Hmmm... but people still wouldn't talk about it openly, even

Haha! Yeah, well, I don't care about that so much, more that they'd just think that I was feeling sorry for myself, that I thought my problems were much worse than other peoples... and I know it's bollocks, but I still... feel it, y'know? And I think a lot of other people probably feel the same.

"You think that you're so special that you'd waste all this money on going to a 'acceptable' to like, have your own personal 'psychological therapist' so I think there's a real economic tie in with that... If you're not rich, like until recently there probably wasn't so many rich people anyway, so it's just like that.... I think it kinda ties in with the sexual assault and rape thing as well, like

are?"  
 somebody would have  
 Cloudagh: I guess if you say that you were sexually assaulted you're really  
 opening a horrible can of worms that nobody wants to hear about.  
 Yeah, and you know how to deal with it or what to say... Like, how do you

“helpful that she wasn’t around... maybe if she had, that’s all I’d have been down with 20 people discussing this outside a gig... but I think it was a positive thing, that people were talking about it...”

approach, have any bad feelings about anyone, except for 1 or 2 people that were very directly involved... I person especially... but, I know, as far as people coming together and talking about it and having different viewpoints... I mean, I talked directly to people who completely disagreed with me as far as what they think



I am a very very sarcastic person myself, which I try not to be all the time, but

it is unfortunate that, like, it does sometimes go to a complete extreme to cover up dysfunctional problems in friendships or whatever. Like, I've had serious difficulties taking to some people, where I've tried to be really straight-up with them and they'll fall back on the humor repeatedly, in a way that's really completely inappropriate. And it wouldn't happen near as often back home.

Can you think of examples? Like, a certain situation?

Tamarack: Well, say where I could maybe take you aside, like maybe you made a joke about something and despite that all the colour drained from my face you continued joking and I took you aside, like I did with someone who would consider my friend here who happens to be male, and just said like "look, you really can't be joking about that, it's really personal to me and so on" and the response was "oh, it's just a joke, you don't really understand" etc and not even a "oh, I'm sorry". I think it's just hard for humans in general to maybe face up to their emotions and be straight-up, dare I say... perhaps... Ireland

Yeah, I know what you mean.

Tamarack: I'm not saying everywhere else in the world is better, I'm obviously here because I want to be here, but sometimes.

Don't worry, we won't kick you out for saying what you think! [laughter]

Tamarack: Yeah, you can't, I've got a card! [laughter]

The way I see it is that it's not just in a sexist kind of way, but it is that, as well, like, it can just be in a way that's negative to people in general. But then it also comes into gender and sexuality issues and so on don't seem to be as offended by language and stuff like that, that kind of humour. But people especially in European countries seem really shocked if you say, I dunno, cunt or bitch or something that's taken for granted here, or just that, well, a lot of the way that people relate to one another here is through insults.

Tamarack: Yeah, like abuse is affection and that.

Clodagh: I only kind of copped on to that recently. "hold on, we're sitting around and we're all just telling each other how shit each other is" and this is... a normal good evening, well spent, what the fuck? [laughter]

I think even when it's between friends it still affects you, your self-view and so on.

Clodagh: It's damaging.

Tamarack: Yeah, totally. I think, in the sexual sense, like I haven't had anything that I can think of said to me, but I definitely have heard of a few examples where really inappropriate things were said to... certain people. At a gig recently someone said to one of the lads "ah shut up or I'll rape you" as a joke. Like, that's not fucking funny, that's not on at all, and like, I'm not sure but I think, a few months down the line someone kind of said "come on, you don't say that". But like, I just couldn't imagine what would be going through someone's head on of all things, that's not funny, she's outside crying afterwards. It's not always that extreme, obviously.

I think that's one of the things that kind of made other people...

Dayana: ...very uncomfortable. Like, last year sometime, there was a girl from North America staying in the squat who felt really uncomfortable and disgusted, like wrote us a letter saying that she hated being there and thought that people were really sexist and macho and didn't feel safe... I couldn't, really understand before... but I think it's just the way Irish people talk. The words they try and offend each other with, the kind of jokes they make, that shouldn't be taken seriously, like sexist or racist that aren't meant to be taken seriously, but you shouldn't joke with this kind of thing, you should be here to try and challenge this kind of thing.

Tamarack: Like, Irish people, culturally, probably come from a much darker past than white Canadians would, and I can understand how much humour would totally arise out of that, and with each generation is getting, hopefully, a shade lighter, hah, but just in general I'm sure humanity could do to be more considerate and compassionate to one another. Y'know, there's not enough love to

Well, like just about that joke, I think that was one thing where people who would usually go "ah shut up, it's only a joke" said no, that's going too far...

Dayana: But when people say "ah it's only a joke" and you're really fuckin' angry and say something about it, they just call you P.C. and stuff like that, and then they're just going to say "fuck off, you're too P.C." or something.

And then it's, like, a big group of people all laughing before you can say anything, it's just a joke and if you don't get it then shut up, it's your problem.

Tamarack: To give you a bit of the other side of the coin, I guess just to throw a comment out there, probably something that some of us ladies too need to acknowledge on our own progression to stop being sexist, whether it's treating other girls like shit or whatever. It's also to not, people trying to be "lads" in a way... I don't know if you understand... It's like, okay, say I'm a girl, and I feel weak in comparison to the male majority, in a few ways, maybe not so much physically, but I feel less empowered, so some reactions are to kind of get louder and so on, and I realise that I will say things to my male friends that I would not say to another woman, I'll be a lot harsher and rougher with them, and like, I try to check myself on it, but like... that's not fair either.

Clodagh: Hahah, yeah, I think you do... hahah... stuff you say that if you said it to me I'd probably cry.

Tamarack: Yeah, no, like, exactly! And it's just like, there's also the individual relationship you have with the person regardless of their gender, but... well, I'm not getting any worse!

I think it's kind of a catch 22 situation... like, if people relate to you in that way, in a "burly" kind of way, you've got a choice of either reacting to them in the same way, which you don't like, but then if you don't react in that way you feel a bit shit about yourself and like you're letting yourself be pushed around.

Tamarack: I don't think it's self-respect, I think it's just saving face.

Yeah, I think that's more what it is actually.

I think if I really wanted to maintain my self-respect I could act a lot more honestly and actually tell them how I felt instead of...

But then that creates this awkward situation.

Tamarack: Bring it on, bring on the awkward!

Did any of you have experience of sexual assault or rape incidents within the punk/activist scene you came from, before here and the one recently?

Dayana: Yeah, in Brazil... not exactly, but some cases of a girl sleeping with a guy and the girl wakes up in the middle of the night and the guy's touching her and she's like "what the fuck?". I think when someone does stuff like that in the punk scene or an anarchist group, probably the first thing they do is exclusion, not like it was here.

Clodagh: What, like, the girl went "what are you doing?", "smack!", and then it was all over?

Dayana: More like everyone went like that, just immediately... and he's not allowed to, like, stay in the punk scene anymore... and myself like, with the thing with... I felt really awkward, like I should have done something more... cos, like, he tried to get to get to happen, his girlfriend had just arrived, after a few seconds, and I was like "fuck, what am I going to say, she just me & him here, no one else around, what's she going to think... Y'know?"

Tamarack: Just your word against his... em... well, before we came to Ireland we were in Australia for about 6 months, staying with a friend in Tasmania, and one of the people that we were friends with, that we were staying with, they were living in this fairly small town which didn't really have a punk scene going on at all, and the reason was this guy just random accusations and, I mean, I wasn't going back was cos there were a few random accusations and, I mean, I seemed pretty obvious that these weren't just random accusations and, I mean, I







and this way of thinking and so on...

[illegible]



I dunno, it's funny you're saying that, cos I was kinda thinking about those things recently, and it seems to me that in the punk scene, these more typically feminine things that are often looked down on in society, these are kinda seen to be quite cool and people enjoy them and are into them...?

playing guitar or whatever, and I wouldn't be considered a typically female thing to do. I still see them as poor playing in bands than I see... eh... busin' out their latest craftwork, y'know, nahah! knittin' at gigs or anything like that!

Clodagh: Hey though, what about a cake stall? Shortly brought a cake to the gig

Tamara: Did he? Well, good on him, maybe it's coming in... the other day...

Dayana: But I still think that in the punk scene there's girls cooking more and

Dayana: I dunno, maybe cos like, the way I learned to cook to help my mother and I really young, y'know? Like, I had to learn to cook to help my mother and I help clean and stuff, and my brother never had to do that, and he doesn't, I know how to cook anything, he can, I dunno. I fuckin make coffee or something like that?

What about sexism in the punk scene, do you think it's something that's inevitable or do you think that you can, like, do things to counteract it? Do you feel discouraged from being involved with things and punking yourself in no way that you feel you'd be more criticised than for doing things? I think it seems to be a trend everywhere in the punk scene.

I mean the whole general spectrum of scruffy, lefty punk types.

the college course I did was maybe 75% women, so sometimes I feel like I've gone for these typical feminine roles... I think that our generation, around me like a lot of people would, have said a lot of things like you could often define as "that's a very sexist comment", sometimes it comes down to like, something at work, like sometimes I've gone to lift a box or something and it's like "ah, you don't have to lift the box, love", and I'm like, "I've been lifting amps and drum-kits up and down flights of stairs for years, I can lift a box of paper, y'know?" That kind of thing for me is almost more humorous, backwards... like, when

[illegible]

Bayana: Like I used to be sponsored too, this place used to give me clothes and, like, smoked cigarettes.

Tamarack: Yeah, the only other girls I knew with skateboards only sat on them on the skateboard and shit.

and they all "skaxed like girls." "hahah!! [laughter]. Y'know, like, just sitting there, I used to sit with all the time because you have like only 3 or 4 others, really easy for me to skate, like, cos I used to go to competitions and shit all the time, I used to be my friends making stupid shit jokes at my expense. It was like, as fuck, I used to be my friends making stupid shit jokes at my expense. It was

[illegible]



I thought that as part of this interview with some women from outside of Ireland who live there I are involved in the punk scene, so as to contrast their previous experiences with what they'd experienced since moving to Ireland. Also with an Irish woman involved in the punk scene for quite a while, as a further contrast. Each of them are involved in various ways, through bands, zines, collectives, etc in the Irish punk scene. Kylie added her own answers/comments in response to the rest of the already transcribed interview, which took place in the Phibore Chateau de Crust, a few days before Christmas 2004.



So first, what's your name, where are you from, how long have you been in Ireland?  
Clodagh: I'm Clodagh, I'm from Dublin, I've always lived here.  
Tamarack: My name is Tamarack, I'm from western Canada, I've been here all-in-all for about two years.  
Dayana: I'm Dayana, I'm from Brazil and I've been here for 1 year and 5 months. So have you experienced much sexism in Irish society in general?  
Kylie: Well patriarchy, sexism, homophobia and transphobia exist everywhere of course, but there were certainly some experiences I had, or some things I

noticed, that seemed quite particular to Ireland. I mean, obviously it's a very Catholic country, and this seems to be reflected pretty strongly in repressed attitudes towards sexuality and gender. Also queer visibility and radical sexual politics was well, not very visible, it felt like a huge silence, something that was really obviously missing both in general Irish society and in the punk/anarchist/leftwing/general rabid community (although of course I do understand some of the reasons for why that is). And the kind of sexism I noticed

about or experienced was the kind that is often hard to call people on, I'm talking about that Irish humour (probably a friend) saying something in a "humorous" manner with a smile on their face, so it makes it a lot harder to call them on their shit than if it was obviously malicious and from a stranger on the street. I was reading a cultural studies book that made the point that if you went from Australia to say, Japan or India, then you would totally be preparing yourself for cultural differences and cultural shock. But if you were going to a similar "western" country like say, Ireland or the U.S., you probably wouldn't be expecting it to be that divergent from your cultural reference points and zone of familiarity, and therefore wouldn't be prepared for the inevitable culture shock. When I moved to Dublin, the culture shock I experienced was mostly related to language and humour. I had a lot to adjust to socially, there were a lot of times I was sitting in a room full of people feeling a bit weird, feeling a bit on the outside (and not just cos I was new to town), thinking "hey, everyone here is supposed to be friends with each other but they're all slagging each other off! They're all tearing each other to pieces cos it means they actually really love each other!" To me, it sometimes just seemed really mean and I didn't know how to react or react to it apart from being my overly-earnest humourless self!

Dayana: It's hard to say because I don't know very many people outside of the punk scene here, but I think everywhere has sexism, every single country. I dunno, people in general act towards me in a really sexual way and don't respect women. Like, in Brazil all the propaganda on TV is totally sexist, and the men at the front. I think things are starting to change a little bit with more women in the scene. It's the same as everywhere, has much more men than women, and all the men at the scene are starting to change a little bit with more women in the scene. Who do a lot of things, are involved with lots of things.

Tamarack: I think it's a really hard question to answer and I wish I'd thought more about these things before the interview. I'd say the same, like, there's nothing that I feel like I could really pinpoint here and say it's that much different from my experiences back home... It's a hard question because you kinda get down to, like, well what do you mean when you say sexism, and you kinda have to think about that for a long time and it's probably experienced on lots of levels, all the time, but I wouldn't say I've found it especially hard living in Ireland for general sexism influencing relationships or anything, like it is just, I guess, feeling excluded, well, it's maybe even harder to tell, because you're kind of got already a few other things going on that might be a woman, so you're kind of got already a few other things going on that might be the reason that that you feel you've been excluded or treated differently, so if you don't think about it too much, which sometimes you don't, y'know, for your own sanity, hahh, you might not sit down and go "oh, well I did that me like I shit because I'm a woman, or because I'm from another country, or because I didn't understand their language, or maybe just everything all together? Or maybe they just hate me?"

Dayana: I don't think I can actually think of things that are concrete... Like, it seems that a lot of women, compared with other countries, are a bit more liberal, have more independence. In the punk scene there's less women involved, like really involved in the punk alternative culture. I dunno, for some reason I feel really in the back, at the behind, like we were talking about the other day, all the women who play in bands sing, like all the other bands in the rest of the world... But then I feel bad about it myself. I could learn to play something else.





Steve: Yes if nobody dies till then we should be in Europe in September or October.

IN EUROPE TOWARDS THE END OF THE YEAR?  
WHAT'S NEXT FOR THE BAND? I HEAR YOU'LL BE

president hahahaha!!  
We don't have George W Bush as a

scared they are dangerous... finally  
everything and when people are

their population is scared of  
free in U.S.A. as I do here Canada,

I cities... second, I don't feel as  
changes the atmosphere of the big

security for the poor it makes  
my dollars. I mean, by having social

scary gangs to stab you for  
first of all we don't have that many

may easier in Canada than the USA.  
Same living your everyday life is

Same living your everyday life is

Same living your everyday life is

Same living your everyday life is

Same living your everyday life is

Same living your everyday life is

Same living your everyday life is

PLAGUE BEARER  
PO BOX 604  
2200 COPENHAGEN N  
DENMARK  
MAREBIDT@OPIB.DK

UP next:  
SCUMBAGADE LP repress  
MAREBIDT/  
PEACEFUL COLLAPSE split 7"

IX GASMASK TERROR  
"S/t" 7"  
Kangas pump in d-tak disorder  
by these Bordeaux City punks

VII DISCLOSE/BESTHOVEN  
Split 7"  
Japanese and Brazilian d-beat madness

VI MAREBIDT  
"Härlig hælvetet" demo  
distorted Swedish/Japanese raw punk  
mangled onslaught

V BESTHOVEN  
"Just another warzone" 7"  
d-beat hardcore crust made in Brazil

III MAREBIDT  
"S/t" LP (benefit for the ABC)  
downbeat Swedish d-beat black metal  
with loads of guitar leads and distortion

II SKINKIDS  
"Skittucked by the state" LP  
Blazing Swedish raw punk fuelled  
with loads of guitar leads and distortion

Plague Bearer

KANGAS-PUMPING  
D-TAK DISORDER  
BY BDX CITY PUNKS  
EP OUT NOW ON  
PLAGUE BEARER  
PO BOX 604  
2200 COPENHAGEN N DENMARK  
MAREBIDT@OPIB.DK



Canadian bands going to the U.S.A.  
Steve: Yes it's hard both ways, borders are really fucked up, a lot of  
bands from the U.S.A. always have problems coming to Canada. I always  
do a fake recording contract so they can cross easier, the same for

IS IT AS DIFFICULT TO GET INTO OR LIVE IN CANADA AS IT IS IN THE U.S.?  
Steve: My top 5 in Canada is THE SUBHUMANS, FORGOTTEN REBELS, D.O.A.  
DAYGLO ABORTIONS, THE VILLETONES

Sam: My Canada top 5 is GENETIC CONTROL, SLAUGHTER, UNRULED, DAYGLO  
ABORTIONS, NORTHERN VULTURE.

WHAT 5 CANADIAN BANDS PAST OR PRESENT WOULD YOU HAVE PEOPLE LISTEN  
TO?

can play our music behind different crowds of punk.  
really like to be on tour and I think we really feel free when we  
oil... working for money can be really annoying sometimes but we

Guys who would shoot our oppressors instead of blowing our own heads  
Sam: We don't have any suicidal tendencies we are more the type of  
guys who would shoot our oppressors instead of blowing our own heads

WHAT MAKES YOU WANNA PUT A GUN TO YOUR OWN HEAD? WHAT MAKES YOU FEEL  
LIKE EVERYTHING'S FUCKIN GREAT AND YOU'RE GONNA EXPLODE?

Steve: Chany does all the artwork.  
IS IT ONE OF YOU WHO DOES THE ARTWORK?  
Steve: YOU ARE

WHO'S NEXT?  
Steve: YOU ARE

Steve: Chany does all the artwork.

Steve: YOU ARE

Steve: YOU ARE



SO JUST GIVE ME THE GENERAL BACKGROUND, HISTORY, MEMBERS, RELEASES?

Sam: INEPT started in 1999 or 2000, I don't remember, with different members. We and ~~xxxxx~~ Chany wanted to play in a band that would be the answer of all our influences... being bored as hell of crustcore, we wanted to play more in the vein of oldschool punk-hardcore bands like G.B.H., VARUKERS, DISCHARGE... and some oldschool crust and speed metal bands like SACRILEGE, HELLBASTARD, KREATOR, DESTRUCTION.

But we like a lot of post-punk ~~xxxxxx~~ and rocknroll bands like RADIO BIRDMAN so we tried to mix all this stuff together and it made with JP on bass and Steve Benett on second guitar.

WHAT ABOUT SPACES FOR PUNK? IS THERE A LOT GOING ON FOR PUNKS TO BE INVOLVED IN, PLACES FOR THEM TO GO? ANY GOOD BANDS, LABELS, ZINES FROM AROUND THERE? IS THERE MUCH GOING ON IN THE WAY OF AUTONOMOUS SPACES? SQUATS, FOOD NOT BOMBS, RADICAL BOOKSTORES ETC? WHAT'S A GOOD PLACE FOR A PUNK TO GO IN MONTREAL IF THEY'RE NEW TO THE CITY AND DON'T KNOW SHIT?

Steve: About punk spaces, we live in a big warehouse called the LOUD HOUSE that we do shows in, we've been living here for 5 years, I've booked a lot of shows here, but right now we're taking a break. cos I had problems with the city and the cops, but I will start doing shows in the fall. For squats there is no such thing as squats here in Montreal, they tried 2 years ago and it lasted about a month. So we can't squat. But we have welfare cheques so that pays our rent.

Radical bookstores, we have an anarchist book store called Librarie Alternative located downtown on St. Laurents street. As for bands, there's some good bands to check out - C.C.S.S. (members of INEPT), AFTER THE BOMBS (ex-HELLBOUND), BALIST, BORN DEAD ICONS, ~~xxxxxx~~ COMPLICATION (members of BDI), WALK ASIDE, THE UNCLIPPED, THE RUPELIANS, MANIC MANON AND THE GUEST LIST and a lot more.



WHAT'S IT LIKE LIVING IN MONTREAL, DO YOU GET SHIT FROM PEOPLE ON THE STREETS FOR LOOKING PUNK OR DO YOU FEEL THREATENED? IS THERE A LOT OF VIOLENCE? IS IT THE KIND OF PLACE THAT PUNKS MOVE TO OR THAT THEY TRY TO GET AWAY FROM?

Steve: Living in Montreal is like paradise,

for punks. Walking on the street with charged hair, people don't give a fuck or they get frightened. Montreal is really not violent, the only violence we see is the violence we do.

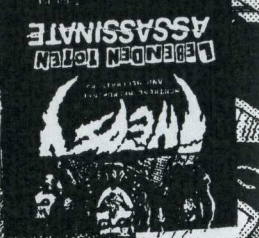
But we are not that violent but we like to fuck shit up sometimes! Most of the punks in Montreal are from all over the country even some from the USA, everyone that comes to Montreal wants to move here, why? Because its punk paradise, big punk scene.

So when you started the band did you intend for it to sound like it does or did it just happen? I've just heard one track off the new CITY/WEAPONS LP, is the progression in your style a by-product of improving ~~xxxx~~ at your instruments or did you always strive to sound like this? Any idea of what we should expect from new material after this LP? ~~xxxxxx~~

Sam: When we first started we wanted to sound exactly how we do... the quality of the recording sound... the first stuff is more raw but the composition is similar to ROCKNROLL BABYLON and most of the songs on CITY/WEAPONS. I think that we've squashed all the juice out of this (d-beat & rocknroll) style on these 3 releases... we haven't composed any new songs up to now but if we do, we want to go more in a punk rock direction like the song BREAK THE CHAINS ON CITY/WEAPONS and spend more time to work on good & catchy backing vocals.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU EACH BEEN INVOLVED WITH PUNK? HOW DID YOU GET INTO PUNK IN THE FIRST PLACE? WHAT MOTIVATES YOU TO STAY INVOLVED? ~~xxxxxx~~

Steve: I've been involved in punk for maybe 17 years now, and why I don't even know myself, hahah... for real cos we like it, we like the way of life of punk I guess, we don't know anything else.





into the people they are, has affected me were than any other issue or struggle in my life. If this house is lost, the heart will be torn from this city. So we hope for your support now and when the time comes (www.ungerein.de).

Time to shut up and finish this off. Eric & I decided not to bother putting our names with each piece - get in touch if you want to know who wrote each individual piece. Thanks to all who've traded with me & helped distribute the previous issue of the zine. Thanks to Masamune Shiron, Katsuhito Otsuno, Frank Miller & Kyotchi Ikegami! For the artwork I stole to use as backgrounds. Thanks to all my friends from Ireland & elsewhere who've staged in touch & come to visit me.

Most of all, thanks to all the punx who continue to live their lives uncompromisingly in the face of this carnival fucking society, and continue to give me the inspiration to do the same.

constructed to the sounds of:

STATE OF FEAR/ABANDON/INDEPSY/  
SEPUTURA/UNKIND/SACRILEGE/JESU/  
ENTOMBED/DECEPIT/ARMAGEDDA/  
NEUROSIS/WEIRD BURNS TO DEATH/  
ATTACKS MADNESS/IMMORTAL/  
BASTARD/MARTYRDOOD/NAC-FAR/  
THE DAGDA/AMERIX/WARCRY/  
SKITSICKERS/HIS HERO IS GONE/  
WOLFPACK/ANTI-CITEX/NAPALM DEATH

B.T.H. c/o Cermig,  
PO Box 604,  
2200 Koblenz N.  
Denmark.  
pazefestray@hotmail.com

Well, I went back to Ireland (via London) for 3 weeks around Christmas. Spent a few days in London, met friends, saw Neurosis play, checked out the 76a Infoshop and stayed with some real nice people in their squat in Brixton.

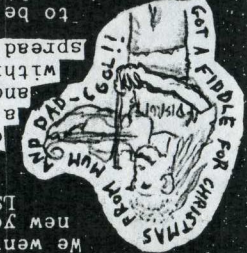
In ways it was weird and also really nice to be back in Ireland. It was the longest I'd been away, over 6 months, and I really hadn't missed the place in the slightest. I had, however, missed all my friends an awful lot and it was seeing & hanging out with all of them which was the best thing about being back there. I spent maybe 4 or 5 days staying at my mum's place, a week or so at different friends' places around Dublin and then a week at Eoin & Donald's parents place in Roscommon, where we grew up.

It was really cool staying there, myself and E & D have been best friends for about 10 years now and living here away from them has totally made me realise how important they are to me...we just played a load of computer games, drank & smoked a load, we just had a good time hanging out, that we weren't bothered going to the pub or anything. It was cool to see all my old friends from where I grew up too. We went to Galway with them for new years and had a mental time on LSD.

I spent so much fucking time on buses as well, not having a bike in Dublin, such a fuckin pain in the arse. Whereas all of my friends and most things going on here in Copenhagen are all within about 2km sq. of each other, everyone's totally spread out in Dublin.

3 weeks seemed way too short a time to be there, I didn't have nearly as much time as I'd have liked to hang out with people and I felt really sad when I was getting my flight back here. Then the minute I got back out on the streets here I had this overwhelming sense of relief, of being home. It was then and over the next few days that I realised just how uncomfortable and threatened I feel in Dublin and Ireland in general. I got so many stupid comments and insults just walking around that I'd never get here.

Just made me feel really glad to be back here and recall exactly why I'd so badly wanted to get away from Ireland and move here. I really couldn't give 2 shits about the place, it's just my friends there that gave me any reason to think of ever going back. But then I've got many more friends here than there already. I got the idea for the drawings and all with this from cool zines, like Snakepit & Morgenmuffel, I'm not so great at drawing but I want to improve and do more stuff like this so





previously been doing. I'm playing in 3 different bands now and have begun to realise how much respect & dedication it's necessary to pay to this part of my life, in terms of time spent practising, recording, song & lyric writing, and in terms of spending money on good equipment. That last one isn't going so smoothly... In these respects, the Japanese hardcorepunk scene has been

a source of immense inspiration for me - these people show true passion in how they pursue their vision of punk. If the rest of the punk worldwide dedicated such time & effort to our music, perhaps we would start to produce the equal of such phenomenal groups as have been emerging from the Far East for the last 20 years +.

The effect that being able to play music more days a week than not has had on my mental state and, in general, balance it brings to me, is almost unbelievable. I, unfortunately, feel that it's not possible to live in such a way in Ireland - which is why I've decided not to move back there after being here for a year.

as I'd originally planned. The possibilities for touring, practising, putting out records, etc, and then just the basic population of people into the same things as I am, just does not exist in Ireland as it does in Europe. "Yeah so why don't you help it make it that way" instead of running off to hell or score? Well, there's only so much



times you can bang your head off a brick wall before one of them breaks, and that's what it ended up feeling like after 6 or 7 years of putting on gigs, playing in bands, putting out records, booking tours, writing zines, doing dishes, and so on (the brick wall didn't break).

As much as, and possibly more so than the music, are the people I've met here and how kind, friendly, welcoming and inclusive they've been to me. Thank you, so much, to all of you who've made an effort to get to know me, to think of & include me in the things you do, to try to speak & teach Danish to me. You've made it impossible for

us to leave. Many of these people I've met through all that goes on in & around Augdumsbaset, the autonomous centre here ~~where~~ which provides a space for gigs, meetings, a cinema, bar, screen-printing, rehearsal spaces, weekly communal meals and a lot more (it's where the K-Town Festival happens each year, which means a

you may be familiar with). It's under serious threat of eviction at the beginning of next year (2006), another reason for me to stay. It makes me feel so fuckin' angry that in this huge city, all we ask is to have this one house, and still we are asked. Meeting & becoming friends with the people whose

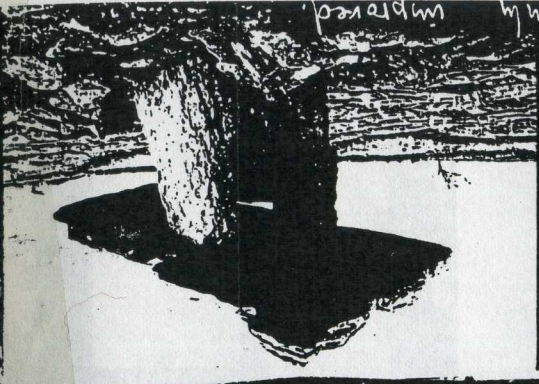


The idea for this issue of the zine started when Eric decided to do a split issue cos we were both into each others' zines and had been friends for quite a while. We discussed doing something to separate it from the usual split-zine fare, e.g. two half-zines that have nothing to do with each other. We discussed different themes to write on, chose a few and decided to try to lay it out in such a way that we would each lay out half of the other person's stuff & half of our own, each do a cover, put it all together (this we do tomorrow when I'm back in Ireland) and also do a split poster to go with it.

Hopefully the finished zine will meet our expectations, and regardless, I'm still totally excited and honoured to do this split with Eric. He's a perfect example of a rare kind of person, the kind of people who keep me interested in and passionate about punk & this whole environment. Kind, friendly, dedicated, not interested in shit-talking, political, uncompromising.

at the time to people and remember getting a lot of shit off the "punk" punx because I was wearing a Bad Religion shirt. So I asked Eric, pole-spikes & grubby smelly clothes, if he wanted a copy, so we traded, for a now-ancient issue of Cotton Fist (a very different zine back then!).

I live forgotten what was in the zine, but what I did remember is how <sup>he</sup> was friendly and kind to the kids from the fucking boys everyone else was too cool for. Since getting to know him well & becoming good friends with him over the last 4 years, my opinion of him has only improved.



The issues that this zine deals with, sexual assault & rape, have been extremely difficult to write about. Whereas with other pieces in other zines live written there's usually a definite ending or conclusion, with this there is not. A lot of the pieces live written seem incomplete or confused - because they are.

I think that if you read the various pieces written here, you'll have a fairly clear view of my opinions on all this and how I feel in approaching these issues, but that's not the point. There are no answers here. The aim, personally, is to push these questions & concerns into our everyday thought-processes & personal relations, and in doing so distribute the crippling weight of these issues amongst a greater constituency.

<sup>below</sup> This fucking weight are met with a deafening silence. I think it's quite interesting how the pieces I wrote, the pieces Eric wrote, and the interview all compare and contrast with one another, as they were all done without knowledge of what was said/written in the others. I feel somewhat uncomfortable with some of the things I've written, all that I ask is that instead of condemning me, communicate with me. There's also an INEPR interview and various reviews in here too! This zine will always be a mix of what's important to me musically as well as personally and politically. Since moving to Denmark I've come to realise just how music is the most important thing in my life and how I need to pay it more respect than I had.



#3  
1997

Food

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POLITICAL // PERSONAL WRITINGS  
ZINE / RECORD REVIEWS

DIY HARDCORE PUNK  
GUY THRESH ANARCHO



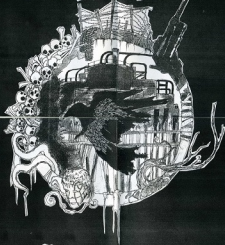


CONVENIENCE OF A FAILED

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COTTONFIST



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FEEDS THE POISONED FOOD

DISTORT DUBLIN // K-TOWN

CIVILISATION SO SHALL WE FALL. FORSAKEN